

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

SAVE YOUR PENCE
IN THE
'LONDON MAGAZINE'
SAVINGS BANK.

The Most Ingenious Mechanical Money-box ever invented. On Sale at all W. H. Smith and Son's Bookstalls.

No. 292.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE THANET ELECTION.



Despite the efforts of an active and powerful body of dissentient Unionists, Mr. Harry H. Marks, the Unionist candidate, was on Saturday officially declared member of Parliament for the Isle of Thanet Division. Mr. Marks is seen above (indicated by a +), addressing the electors at Ramsgate after the declaration of the poll.—(Carpenter, Ramsgate.)

"W. G." WINS THE 100 YARDS.



Dr. W. G. Grace, who won the 100 Yards Members' Handicap at the Crystal Palace on Saturday.—(Reinhold, Thiele and Co.)

DUKE OF YORK STAKES.



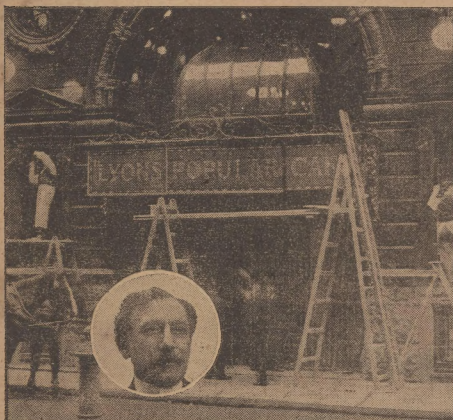
Lord Carnarvon's Robert le Diable (Maher up) after winning the Duke of York Stakes of £2,000 at Kempton on Saturday.

LONDON'S ARMY OF STARVING UNEMPLOYED.



There are now thousands of foodless families in the East End, and as winter approaches the great army of unemployed increases weekly. This is what it is like now at the docks, where thousands of out-of-works apply for employment.

NO TIPPING HERE.



The new "Popular" Café, in Piccadilly, where the million can dine in as much comfort as the millionaire, is to be opened to-day. At the bottom is a portrait of Mr. "Joe" Lyons, pioneer of the new "Piccadilly Pop."

PLAYS TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR TO VICTORY.



The Tottenham Town Prize Band, who for nine seasons have performed on the Hotspur ground, and with strains of sweet melody urged the famous football team to victory.

MARKETING BY POST

KUROPATKIN

WAKES UP.

Will Assume Bold Front
in Manchuria.

HOPE FOR PORT ARTHUR.

The latest news from Mukden confirms the general belief that the period of inactivity in Manchuria is at an end.

Encouraged by the failure of Marshal Oyama and his generals to pursue the advantage gained at Liao-yang, General Kuropatkin is now about to assume the aggressive.

This step is not taken one day too soon, in view of the determination and vigour with which the Japanese are pressing the assault upon Port Arthur.

A Russian victory would change the whole character of the Manchurian campaign, and would bring the relief of Port Arthur well within the bounds of possibility.

"FORWARD!"

Kuropatkin Declares That "the
Moment Has Come."

In a spirited general order issued to the Manchurian army on October 2, General Kuropatkin gives his reasons for the retreat upon Mukden, and for the aggressive attitude that he is now assuming.

The enemy, he declares, treacherously fell upon Port Arthur before war was declared. Time was necessary for strengthening and provisioning the Russian army, and his object then was to gain time.

"But now," continues the order, "the moment to go and meet the enemy, for which the whole army has been longing, has come, and the time has arrived for us to compel the Japanese to do our will, for the forces of the Manchurian army are strong enough to begin the forward movement."

"If the regiments which have already been sent out prove to be insufficient, fresh troops will arrive, for the inflexible will of the Emperor that we should vanquish the foe will be inflexibly fulfilled. Bear in mind the importance of victory to Russia, and above all remember how necessary victory is the more speedily to relieve our brothers at Port Arthur, who for seven months have heroically maintained the defence of the fortress entrusted to their care."

STOESSEL THE STERN.

Terrible Punishment Devised for a
Drunken Officer.

A story of the Draconian severity of General Stoessel is related by a refugee from Port Arthur.

A lieutenant of artillery, who bore an excellent record, was found one day staggering about Pailchuan in a state of intoxication.

The officer was called upon to answer his offence before General Stoessel, and everyone expected he would receive some minor punishment.

The General waited until the Japanese bombardment from sea was at its hottest. Then he caused the offending officer to sit on the most exposed part of the fortifications, with a champagne bottle in one hand and a tumbler in the other.

For two hours the wretched man sat thus, with shells bursting continuously around him. His agony was at last ended by a shell which mercifully burst within a few yards of him and blew him to pieces.

HAYASHI CHEERFUL.

"Free Trade and Fairplay" the Motto
of Japan.

In an interview, published in yesterday's "Weekly Dispatch," Viscount Hayashi expresses his belief that the fall of Port Arthur is near at hand.

"Free trade and fairplay for all," says his Excellency, "would be the motto of Japan after the happy termination of the war."

Viscount Hayashi is particularly emphatic on the subject of the "yellow peril."

"Where is the peril?" he asks. "Our gain will be the world's gain, because we believe that the only way of bettering ourselves is to open up the Far East to European capital and enterprise."

"Perhaps when Japanese mix freely with Europeans the result may be a combination of yellow-white or pale-bronze, which might improve the human race. Who knows?"

"Englishmen often marry Japanese girls, and they get on very well; so do the children, and the children of these children are likely to laugh heartily at what their grandfathers used to call the yellow peril."

Westerly to Southerly winds, freshening;
calm and milder; occasional rain.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER

(Lighting-up time: 6.17 p.m. Sea passages
smooth to moderate S. and E.; rough W.)

SNOW ON DEESIDE.

The King Goes to Kirk in the
Kilt.

Snow covered the summits of the hills on Deeside yesterday morning, and the weather was cold and rough, but the King attended Crathie Church all the same.

The snow and the mist deterred visitors from Ballater and Braemar.

His Majesty braved the elements in an open carriage, wearing the kilt. He was accompanied by Prince Arthur of Connaught and Prince Francis of Teck, and Princess Margaret and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught arrived from Birkhall in a motor-car.

The Rev. J. Ramsay Sibbald, minister of the parish, officiated, and preached the sermon. As his Majesty drove away to Balmoral he graciously raised his Glengarry bonnet to those who waited at the church door to witness his departure.

Contrary to expectation the King was not present at a deer drive which took place on Glenbeg, Ballochline, on Friday, when one stag was shot by Viscount Churchill.

He spent the day with his factor walking round the home estate, pointing out alterations and improvements he required executed.

"HIS LAST LETTER."

Mr. John Hollingshead Writes Reminiscences on His Sick Bed.

In yesterday's Manchester "Empire" there is a column "letter" which has a pathetic interest for the many friends of Mr. John Hollingshead.

It is one of a series he has contributed for years to the same journal, and after writing it he told his wife it would be his last. Since then he has been grievously ill—so helpless, indeed, from his heart trouble that but faint hope is held out of his recovery.

The letter published yesterday mentions his old days as proprietor of the old Gaiety Theatre, and the farewell tour in England of Sir Henry Irving. Quite a characteristic touch is his fling at the licensing authorities, with whom he was ever ready to tilt a lance.

This virile, stirring article from one of the oldest journalists in England, for Mr. Hollingshead is seventy-seven, and cut his literary teeth in the service of Charles Dickens, is one that will be treasured by many other than those who held his personal friendship.

BURST HIS BONDS.

Scene of Violence in a French Court
of Justice.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Saturday.—A sturdy convict stood before the Court of Assizes, bound hand and foot. His name was Charles Bertrand, and for twelve years he had lived in prisons.

In resisting arrest for theft he had stabbed one policeman five times and wounded two others with his revolver.

Though he was surrounded by policemen he cursed Judge, jury, police, and everyone in court, and threatened them all with death.

In an access of rage he made a supreme effort, and actually managed to break free from his bonds. He sprang straight at the throat of a police inspector. He managed to get such a grip of his victim's throat that the man became unconscious. It took six men ten minutes to separate them.

He made his first appearance in court bound with cords from head to foot, his hands handcuffed, and his arms secured in a straight waistcoat.

Still revelling terribly, he was sentenced to ten years' hard labour.

TRAP FOR CYCLISTS.

The Surrey Constabulary are investigating a mysterious occurrence which befell Mr. Miller, a Walton cyclist, while returning to his home on Saturday night from East Molesey.

When in a dark and lonely part of the road, on the boundaries of West Molesey and Walton, the cyclist was thrown off his machine by a rope which had been stretched across the road. He escaped without any serious injury, but while he was looking around in search of his assailant a brick was thrown at him by someone in hiding.

BRITISH WILD CATTLE.

The famous herd of British wild cattle at Chillingham, one of which has recently been shot at a special hunt by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is the finest herd in existence. Experts believe it to be directly descended from the fierce beasts that roamed over England in the time of the Roman occupation. They are very fierce and dangerous when attacked, and can be seen from the photograph of the king of the herd, reproduced on page 8.

LOVE-SICK BURGLAR.

Jewel Thief's Letters to "Dear
Oecilia Loftus."

The story of a burglar's infatuation for Miss Cecilia Loftus has, our New York correspondent writes, just been divulged through the publication of some of the former's ardent letters to the charming actress.

When Miss Loftus was staying at the Hotel Marlborough in New York five years ago her jewel box was rifled. Ten months later the burglar was caught, and in his presence the actress identified her missing jewellery. She recognised the thief as a man whom she had encountered in a corridor of the hotel on the night of the burglary. The gaze which he then fixed upon her had impressed his face upon her memory.

A few weeks after his conviction the burglar addressed from Sing Sing prison a long letter to "Dear Cecilia Loftus."

"On that night I first saw you off the stage," he wrote, "the night I watched you on the elevator at the Marlborough—(Ah, night of memories and of sighs!) My sole intention in going into your rooms, —, was to get one of your photographs."

"You can imagine my astonishment when on going over your rooms—by the way, how careless and untidy you are—to find that you had no photograph. My appointment was so keen that I had to compensate myself for the trouble by taking other souvenirs, intrinsically more valuable. I kept those little pins and the forget-me-not ring, because they belonged to you."

"I had visited school dormitories and found better selections. I am forced to the conclusion you are a truthful woman (as one glimpse into your eyes has convinced me is the case), you are, like myself, a hopeless sentimentalist. Well, that may be. It is not to be despised, and so I take the courage to ask you for a signed photograph. Your sincere admirer,

"G— B—"

A photograph of Miss Loftus appears on page 9.

WINTER AND THE WOLF.

Prospect of Idleness and Hunger for
London Poor.

Boards of guardians are busy throughout the country preparing detailed statements regarding labour conditions in their various districts.

Everywhere it is found there is already a noticeable shortage of work, which threatens to become acute when winter sets in.

It is not only that there will be an increase in the casual pauperism, which is always a winter characteristic of the big towns, but many usually in permanent employment are finding their prospect of work hopeless.

What will be the outcome of the conference of the London poor-law authorities, convened by Mr. Long at the offices of the Local Government Board, depends on the actual statistics then placed before him, but it is generally anticipated that the distress this winter will be beyond local resources.

It promises, unfortunately, to be sufficiently serious to call for Government interference and aid.

Mr. Will Steadman is of opinion that the only solution of the difficulty is to check the influx of agricultural labourers into the towns.

POLITICAL PUPPET SHOWS.

Punch and Judy Dialogues for "Model"
Party Leaders.

A political Punch and Judy show is being devised for the entertainment of the electors at the next General Election.

This novel idea was suggested by a Thornton Heath gentleman by the irresistible fascination of Punch and Judy shows for young and old alike.

"I am writing," he says, "dialogues suitable for Tariff Reformers, Free Traders, Home Rulers, Passive Resisters, and the Temperance party."

"My working figures include Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, Mr. Lloyd-George, and many others, besides certain types, one of which represents the agricultural labourer, another the brewer, another the Church, and so on."

"My intention is to get political societies interested, and then to set to work sending out the puppet shows through the villages, where they would have great weight."

RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

For having taken the illegal course of selling a bedroom suite, procured on the hire-purchase system, before he had paid all the instalments, William Owen, a young Vauxhall labourer, was ordered six weeks' hard labour by the West Ham magistrate.

"Well, I've had the sweets, and I must put up with the sour," he remarked resignedly.

FATAL MOTOR DERBY.

Man Killed and Many In-
jured at Long Island.

FIFTY-TWO MILES AN HOUR.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Saturday.—One man was killed and four others seriously injured in yesterday's international motor race for the Vanderbilt Cup.

The inhabitants of Long Island have for days past been actively expressing their hostility to the race and doing all they could to hamper those responsible for the arrangements. Now, shocking though the accidents have been, it cannot be said that there is any great regret among the population of the district.

The race was started at six o'clock this morning from Westbury, Long Island, the course being a triangular one of thirty miles, which had to be covered nine times. There were eighteen cars entered, representing Italy, France, Germany, and America, the only country of importance, so far as motoring is concerned, that was not represented being England.

WAITING FOR ACCIDENTS.

The great stand erected at Westbury was crowded with motorists from all parts of America long before the race started. The course was lined with thousands of spectators, amongst whom the inhabitants of the district were loudly expressing their belief that there would be terrible accidents.

Their gloomy expectations were realised. The cars went off at a tremendous pace. The great racing machines travelled faster than express trains. At times some of them went at the rate of eighty miles per hour, and the time of the winner, Heath, an American, who drove a Panhard car for the Automobile Club of France, showed that his average speed was over fifty-two miles per hour.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt followed the racers on his car with surgeons, whose assistance was soon needed.

Directly after the start one of the mechanicians, who had dismounted to attend to a broken-down machine, was run into by his own driver.

Another driver at a level-crossing missed an express train by only a few yards. Others ran into trees and ditches, and two more serious accidents were reported early in the race.

George Arents, a German millionaire motorist, driving a 600-h.p. Mercedes, made two trips round the course when he upset through the tyre shoe slipping.

EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.

The car, which was going at nearly seventy miles an hour, overturned, and Arents was hurled several yards.

He was picked up unconscious, with the base of his skull fractured. The injuries were at first pronounced fatal, but some hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Arents's machinist, Karl Meussel, was entangled in the gear, and then thrown violently to the ground.

His skull was fractured, and he had several ribs broken, and he died soon after reaching the hospital.

Only two cars had finished when the race was declared "off," that of the winner and Albert Clements (America), who lost by less than three minutes.

SAW HIS DEATH IN A DREAM.

Fisherman's Vision of a Disaster
Comes True.

A remarkable case of a dream of terrible ill-omen which came true is related by a South Devon correspondent.

One night Walter Furneaux, one of the crew of the Brixham trawler *Lyra*, woke in terror at a vivid dream which had shown him the trawler being run down by a big steamer. He saw the *Lyra* struck and all the crew drowning.

He was so agitated by his dream that his wife tried to dissuade him from going out to the fishing grounds that day. However, it would have been difficult to find a substitute, and later in the day Furneaux left Brixham on the *Lyra*.

At daybreak next morning the vessel was cruising about in company with other trawlers from the same port, when suddenly a steamer, which proved to be the *Henchbank*, of London, proceeding from Antwerp to Barry, crashed into the *Lyra*, but her almost in two, and a moment later she had sunk.

Of the *Lyra*'s crew of five only the lifeless body of one man was recovered, the others sinking before they could be reached.

ANOTHER LOUGHOR VICTIM DIES.

Another death has to be added to the list of those who lost their lives in the Loughor railway accident, Isaac Bryant, of St. Michael's Mount, Somerset, having died from injuries to his spine.

With the exception of three persons, all the injured in Llanelly Hospital are doing well.

PRETTY POLLY.

England's Pride Second to a French Outsider.

FORTUNES LOST IN BETS.

Pretty Polly, the hitherto invincible champion of the English Turf, beaten! And that, too, by a French horse that was a rank outsider.

Such was the surprise that greeted the enormous crowd collected on Longchamps racecourse yesterday. It was, of course, mostly a French crowd, but all Paris had been hypnotised by the fame of the great English mare, and nine out of ten people there had backed her freely.

Hence material considerations triumphed over any gratification that the victory of a French horse might legitimately cause, and the result was received in sullen silence.

As long (wires our Paris correspondent) as there was any doubt of Pretty Polly's arrival on French shores Mr. Blain's cracks, Government, the defeated of the Derby, and Cains, were the favourites. But when the invincible British filly was once safely in a French stable, M. Blain, considering discretion the better part of valour, promptly scratched both horses.

An Enormous Concourse.

The Parisian backer was perhaps patriotically disappointed, but like a practical man he at once put all his money on Pretty Polly. English she might be, but she seemed certain to be a winner.

So "tout Paris" appeared gay and confident at Longchamps yesterday. Never was there such a crowd, or, at least, not since King Edward's visit. The weather was delightful in its autumn freshness, and all the beauties and dandies of the gay capital basked in the bright sunshine.

On the stand one might have imagined oneself at Epsom, so great was the number of English sportsmen. They were all full of confidence in the English champion's prowess, and fortunes had been staked on her success.

Disappointment met the Britons early in the afternoon. Ypsilanti came in only third in the Prix de Neuville.

"Never mind," said the Englishmen in philosophical mood, "our turn comes later. Pretty Polly will avenge us."

Alas, for British pride and French speculation! Pretty Polly had no luck. When the flag fell in the Prix du Conseil Municipal both she and Zinfandel made a bad business of the start. Presto II., a rank outsider, got away, and was soon forging ahead with a substantial lead.

Almost a shudder ran through the immense crowd. Was it possible the unbeaten could be conquered by this obscure animal? Alas, it looked only too possible, as Presto II., having done the hardest part of his journey, galloped down the hill towards the winning post.

"She'll catch him yet," said the sturdy British backers, but faces looked long and anxious in spite of their professed confidence.

First Stroke of the Whip.

Maher, her jockey, at last applied the whip. That was a historic stroke. Pretty Polly, it was said, had never felt the whip before. She made one big bound, that took her into second place, well ahead of Zinfandel, who was close up to her, and then she did her best to win.

One would imagine that, with supra-equine intelligence, she felt the disgrace of being beaten by the insignificant Presto II. She made a magnificent effort.

But it was no good. Pretty Polly's star was against her. Presto II. cantered in two and a half lengths ahead.

It was almost pathetic to look round the great crowd when the race was over. There was hardly a shout, for nine-tenths of the people there had backed the favourite.

Fortunes had disappeared in that few yards of scenery that could be viewed between Presto's tail and Pretty Polly's beautiful head.

One English nobleman lost £25,000, but that was perhaps of little moment to him. Several less wealthy backers had lost at least as much, and the gaiety of the majority of the crowd was eclipsed for a day.

Pretty Polly's defeat was felt almost as an international misfortune.

CARETAKERS SAVED BY FIREMEN.

The expensive banners of the Drogheda Trades Unions were destroyed in a fire which gutted the local Trades Hall on Saturday.

More serious effects might have resulted from the outbreak, for the caretaker and his wife were isolated in the top storey of the building by the burning of the staircases.

They were rescued, however, at great risk by the plucky members of the volunteer fire brigade.

USEFUL RELIEF WORKS.

The Camberwell Borough Council have decided to expend £30,000 this winter in wood paving, so as to provide work for the workless in the borough. As far as possible local labour will be employed.

MR. HARRY MARKS, M.P.

Thanet Election Ends in Egg and Potato Throwing.

After many bitter personalities, Mr. Harry Marks is now M.P. for the Isle of Thanet. The result of the polling on Saturday was as follows:—

Mr. H. Marks (U)	4,048
Mr. King (L)	3,066

Unionist majority

The figures at the last contested election were:—

Mr. Lowther (C)	3,901
Mr. Hart (GL)	2,857

Conservative majority

It was real old-time electioneering in Ramsgate on Saturday, writes the *Mirror* representative, when the sheriff announced the result from the town hall.

Before the sheriff and the new member appeared on the balcony the *Daily Mirror* was on sale in the crowd with the result and the figures. This achievement was accomplished by a special staff and a special apparatus set up in the market-place beneath the town hall.

Mr. Marks had a mixed reception. From the windows of a house in Queen-street opponents leaned out, and one excited gentleman, who had worked for Mr. King, tackled Mr. Marks across the street when he essayed to speak.

"What did Mr. Balfour say?" he demanded. "Why did not Balfour help you?" and so forth, he yelled at the top of his voice.

Mr. Marks claimed the victory as a triumph for fiscal reform, as a vindication of clean methods of political warfare, and a rebuke to the methods of the muck-rake. He thanked the crowd not only for the victory, but for their cordial reception.

The crowd turned upon the Liberal interrogator in his windows. It was open, and a shower of potatoes, apples, and eggs was directed with perfect aim at the speaker and some ladies and two grey-bearded gentlemen beside him.

The first missile, a substantial potato, struck a lady on the forehead, and rebounded across the room. An apple hit an old gentleman, and the room was soon bespattered with rubbish.

The horses were afterwards smothered by the new member's carriage, and stalwart admirers drew his carriage through the streets, amid the most exuberant scenes.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN RESTS.

Quits the Fray for a Six Weeks' Italian Holiday.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain smiled cheerfully as he stepped out of his hansom cab at Charing Cross Station on Saturday afternoon, en route for Italy and six weeks' rest.

He looked particularly well and youthful in his smart frock overcoat, and seemed to have left behind all the cares of the fiscal problem and Empire wedding.

The ex-Colonial Secretary and his wife passed almost unrecognised.

Having sent off a telegram, and bought himself an evening paper at the bookstall, he took his place in the train, only one friend coming to bid him good-bye.

He looked in much better health than when he went away last year, but then he had been making many strenuous speeches.

This time he has only made one before taking his holiday.

It is stated that to ensure his having complete rest no letters will be forwarded to him during his holiday.

"W. G." AS A SPRINTER.

Veteran Cricketer Wins a Hundred Yards Race at the Crystal Palace.

Dr. W. G. Grace, the grand old cricketer, won a 100 yards sprint in twelve seconds at the London County Club sports, which were held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon.

It was not training, dietary, or even a phenomenal turn of speed that enabled the fifty-six-year-old veteran to accomplish such a feat. It was tact.

The doctor himself was handicapped, and tactfully allotted himself twenty-two yards start. Despite a gallant struggle he was beaten in his preliminary heat, but, being second, he was entitled to compete in the final heat, which he won by a yard.

It was a most popular victory, and none enjoyed it more than the doctor himself.

This victory consoled him for his defeat in "howling at the wicket," which he failed to hit the first time.

CHORISTERS LATE FOR SERVICE.

Owing to some repairs to one of the bridges between Gunnersbury and Kew yesterday the trains on the District Railway were very late, and a good deal of inconvenience was caused to churchgoers.

The 10.21 train from Richmond in the morning was so much delayed that many choristers missed the opening of the church service.

HOOTING A CLERGYMAN.

Working Men's Demonstration Against Rev. R. J. Campbell.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose pungent comments on the "lazy British working men" have aroused widespread indignation, was yesterday the subject of a fierce hostile demonstration.

Several thousands of angry working men assailed his departure from the City Temple after the service in the morning, and when the clergyman emerged, accompanied by Mrs. Campbell and an elderly gentleman, a storm of vehement hissing and hoarse boating went up from the excited crowd. The reverend gentleman raised his hat and faintly smiled.

Then half a dozen policemen made way through the people for an open victrola. Mr. Campbell, his wife, and the gentleman with them jumped in, and it drove quickly away to Farringdon-street Station.

Hundreds of men ran hooting after it, but to prevent physical violence swift-footed policemen ran with the vehicle, which eventually out-distanced its pursuers.

The demonstration was not unexpected. Extra constables were on duty before the hour fixed for the service. But the fears of a scene in the Temple were fortunately groundless. The demonstrators remained outside.

The secretary of the Paddington and West Kensington Trade and Labour Council has sent a letter challenging Mr. Campbell to repeat his words before an audience of working men, as the City Temple pastor is reported to have said he is willing to do.

The council is willing to find the hall and speakers to put the workmen's views of the question.

KING'S SOUVENIR CHAIR.

Carved from the Foundations of Old Kew Bridge.

The King has accepted an interesting memorial of the opening by his Majesty of the new Kew Bridge in May of last year.

It consists of a chair of Norman design. Its three back rails represent the three bridges that have successively spanned the Thames at Kew, and its legs and side arms the buttresses and coping of the present bridge.

Affixed to the chair is a tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

This chair, carved from wood forming the foundations of the first Kew Bridge (1759), has been made to commemorate the three successive bridges, the last of which, known as King Edward VII. Bridge, was opened by his Majesty the King on May 20, 1903. Presented to his Majesty by Albert Chancellor, J.P., Mayor of Richmond, 1897-98, 1902-03.

A photograph of the chair appears on page 9.

EXPLOSION WRECKS A CHURCH.

Organist Seriously Injured and Choristers Have Narrow Escapes.

An escape of gas caused a serious explosion in the Wesley Free Church on Saturday night.

The organist, going into the waiting-room, struck a match and a tremendous report immediately followed.

The musician was thrown violently to the floor and seriously injured. The waiting-room was wrecked and every window in the church blown out.

Some of the choristers, who had assembled for choir practice, suffered from the shock and had narrow escapes from the falling glass.

Several people passing outside were struck by fragments of the windows, but fortunately none were much injured.

Escaping gas had been previously complained of by members of the congregation.

DISAPPOINTED DOCTORS.

One hundred and sixty French medical men arrived at Dover last night on their way to London, where they will pay a round of visits to the hospitals.

To the relief of other passengers by the same boat the doctors experienced a disappointment. They had brought with them special apparatus and drugs to prevent seasickness which they wished to test, but the passage was so smooth that these could not be tried.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN FOX-HUNTER.

Colonel J. Anstruther Thomson, of Charleston, Fife, a renowned fox-hunter, died yesterday morning, in his eighty-seventh year. He was master of the Athenstone Foxhounds and of the famous Pychley pack.

It was during his mastership that the celebrated Waterloo run took place—namely, in 1866. Whyte Melville, the poet and historian of the chase, has devoted many papers to the doings of the late colonel.

LADY CURZON RALLIES

Another Dangerous Crisis Passed.

BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

For the second time in the course of her grave illness Lady Curzon has passed through a very serious relapse, when for a few hours life hung as by a thread.

The distinguished patient is making a very brave fight for her life, and it is hoped that with this great courage, together with the assistance of the best medical and surgical skill procurable, she will ultimately recover.

Although Lady Curzon's condition still gives great anxiety, and must necessarily do so for some days yet, owing to the serious nature of her illness, it was reported last night that there had been a very gratifying and decided improvement since her serious relapse of Friday, when a sudden rise of temperature indicated the approach of a dangerous crisis.

On Saturday morning a third London specialist, whose name is not stated, arrived at Walmer Castle by the first train, and remained until the afternoon.

Words of Hope.

He afterwards spoke hopefully of Lady Curzon's ultimate recovery.

Her ladyship was reported yesterday morning to have passed a good night, and to be much refreshed, her general condition showing a marked improvement, which was maintained throughout the day.

It is now thought that the second operation for peritonitis will not be necessary, but much will depend upon the next few days.

This was taken at Walmer as a certain indication of substantial improvement in Lady Curzon's condition, and by request of Lord Curzon the local telegraph office was yesterday closed from morning until evening, which was the first time since her ladyship's illness the office had been closed day or night.

Mrs. Leiter and her daughter, who are staying at the South-Eastern Hotel, Deal, are almost hourly informed of the patient's condition.

POOH-BAH AT PONTYPRIDD.

"Come Over Here, Where the President Can't Hear."

Quite a little Gilbertian comedy is being enacted at Pontypridd.

The principal performer is Mr. G. P. Roberts, president of the local branch of the Shop Assistants' Union.

In this capacity he agitated strenuously for the early closing of shops, and has risen by his advocacy of this cause to the dignity of president of the National Shop Assistants' Union.

But now Mr. Roberts appears in another rôle. He has become manager of one of the wholesale warehouses which have recently sprung up within the town.

In this capacity, it is alleged, Mr. Roberts refuses to conform to the early closing hours observed by retail shops, and the retailers declare that a large amount of trade is taken from them by this proceeding.

The Trades Council will make an effort to induce Mr. Roberts to reconcile his two contradictory attitudes.

REWARDING A HERO.

Fireman Receives a Medal for Gallantly Rescuing a Helpless Woman.

Fireman Arthur Oates, whose portrait is reproduced on page 9, has been awarded the London County Council's silver medal for extraordinary bravery.

During a fire at Great St. Andrew's-street, Seven Dials, he climbed up the escape to a second-floor window to rescue an old bedridden woman. The flames burnt off his eyebrows and moustache, and so severely injured his hands and arms that his first attempt failed.

Undaunted, he went up again, and after much difficulty brought the helpless sufferer out. Then he went back to search for a child said to be in the burning building, and when he returned he fell unconscious, and had to be taken to hospital.

Before entering the brigade Oates served ten years in the Royal Navy, and has the China and West African medals.

SOUTH LONDON HALF-HOLIDAY.

At present the weekly half-holiday closing of shops is in South London held on different days in different districts.

With a view to uniform action being taken under the Shop Hours Act, a conference of all the borough councils south of the Thames is shortly to be held.

PIETY AMONG PRISONERS.

How the Word "Home"
Melts Hard Hearts.

LEARNED GAOL-BIRDS.

An interesting human document is the report of the Commissioners of Prisons issued as a Blue-book on Saturday.

The reports of prison chaplains especially tend to throw a new light on human nature behind the gaol walls. Most of the chaplains speak of the reverent behaviour of their congregations. The young prisoners are most easily brought to a sense of their wrong-doing.

"Nothing is sadder," writes the chaplain of Dartmoor, "to see in prison than a fresh boy's face over a convict's clothes." Most of these boys, he adds, are "refreshing" to deal with, from the chaplain's point of view.

"Some 'come to' at once. I unconsciously open out their hearts immediately, when the subject of 'home' is mentioned.

Boys Not Quite Callous.

"Too young to have grown quite callous, the majority of these boys are easily thrown off their guard, and temporarily dropping an assumed air of 'swagger' or indifference, listen with a delightfully youthful impressiveness to what one has to say."

The possibilities of reformation that lie in point of work amongst these boys are stated to be great.

"The natural love of justice and honour in at least half of them has not been lost," says this chaplain. "When recently one of them assaulted an officer, who, though very strict, is acknowledged by them as being equally fair and just, I was struck by the expressions of indignation used by many of the lads to me in private when alluding to their comrade's offence. All these seemed to consider that he deserved greater punishment than he received."

"The Preston chaplain speaks of the gratitude of prisoners:—'It has done me fifty pounds' worth of good.' 'It's the best thing that has ever happened to me.' 'Drink has been my ruin, but I have done with it for ever.' The last eighteen months have learned me a lesson.' These expressions have been abundantly supported by letters received by me."

Grateful Prisoners.

"Most of the prisoners," writes the Nottingham chaplain, "are grateful fellows, and extremely sensitive of any kindness shown to them. As he takes a survey of his congregation, there is invariably some one face which especially arouses the chaplain's interest: a face—full of intelligence, with the essence of homely affection written on it. As the chaplain, by constant visits to the cell, follows up the case, he learns, sooner perhaps than any other official, that there are sterling good qualities in the character of the prisoner. Far more beautiful signs of penitence have been witnessed in prison than I, for one, ever experienced in parochial life."

The educational side of prison life is interestingly described.

"It is strange," writes another official, "that there should be so many men in the country, under thirty years of age who cannot read or write."

Of 10,029 prisoners eligible for school instruction, 1,741 were totally illiterate and 3,951 could only pass a Standard I examination. Convicts at Dartmoor have after their release written to thank the prison officials for the education they have received in gaol.

Became Learned in Gaol.

"One convict, a collier, writes the chaplain at Leves Gaol, 'taught himself French, and though he could not pronounce it, he could translate it freely. Others have taught themselves shorthand. But the historical works are most in demand.' 'There is no doubt that attention to the library has good results in prison. It is a boon which is much appreciated. I have had many talks with convicts who have done sentences of penal servitude fifteen, twenty, or thirty years ago, and they assure me that much of the improvement in behaviour now is owing to the pleasure derived from reading interesting books, and the fear of losing the privilege.'"

At Exeter two Frenchmen who, on reception, did not know any English, were able, before their transfer to a public works prison, to read and write fluently.

Cigarette smoking is spoken of as one cause of the defective physique of most boy prisoners. "It is," says the Preston chaplain, "no uncommon thing for a child earning 14s. weekly to smoke between twenty and thirty cigarettes daily; these cigarettes are of the commonest and vilest description. Many lads have told me how greatly they miss their smoke in prison."

In one year Alice Mary Hunt, a middle-aged woman, who was committed for trial as an incorrigible rogue by the South-Western Police Court magistrate on Saturday, is said to have made £200 by begging schemes.

MAD "MILLIONAIRE."

Strange Delusions of a Penniless
Hotel Guest.

Among the arrivals at the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar-square, on Friday night, was a tall, military-looking German, wearing a grey frock-coat, an enormous white tie, and a silk hat. He gave his name as Henry Hersloch, and said he had no money to pay a deposit on his room, but would go out and get some.

But first he had supper, the bill for which amounted to 21s. 3d. Then he telephoned to a house at Lancaster-gate that he was about to call, and soon after took a cab to drive there. A porter belonging to the hotel accompanied him, and they drove to two clubs, and subsequently several private houses, at all of which Hersloch appeared to have conversations with the servants. At last the porter declined to go any further, and Hersloch then got out of the cab and walked away.

The porter called a policeman and gave Hersloch into custody. He protested that he had been unable to find the house he wanted. He was then charged with obtaining credit by false pretences.

He threatened to jump into the Serpentine or hang himself to a bedstead, and went on to say that he was a millionaire with thousands of pounds at Coutts's Bank, and was a cousin of the Tsar and of the Sultan. He afterwards told a doctor that he was worth five or eight millions.

No money was found on him, two pawn-brokers forming his only possessions. The doctor informed the Marlborough-street magistrate on Saturday that Hersloch was suffering from delusions and general paralysis of the brain, and Mr. Fenwick ordered him to be taken to the infirmary.

PARK PEST PUNISHED.

Clerk Sent to Prison for Despicable
Conduct.

By the conviction of Ernest George Vicary at the South-Western Police Court on Saturday, Battersea Park has been freed from a despicable pest.

There had, it was said, been many complaints against the man, who used to insult women on the way to work in the morning. The specific charge against him was of insulting a young lady living in Winsted-street.

Up to the time of his arrest the prisoner was a clerk in the service of a City firm.

A detective stated that Vicary, when acting as a pianoforte teacher, was kicked out of the house by the father of two young girls, while the town clerk of Battersea added that the man was at one time employed as a clerk by the borough council, but on complaints being made by three lady clerks he was given two minutes to leave the building.

Vicary was sent to prison for four months.

CHILD PUZZLES THE POLICE.

Retracts a Statement Implicating Her
Father.

The sudden change of front of a nine-year-old girl, who had been called as a witness, nonplussed the Southampton police for a time on Saturday.

Her father, George Martin, a labourer, had been brought up on remand charged with breaking into a shop and stealing £28 and some valuable papers. The child had told the police an intelligent story, implicating her father and two other men in the robbery.

Prior to the opening of the court the girl had adhered to her statement, but on being put into the witness-box she absolutely denied everything, despite the warning of the magistrates and the solicitor as to the serious consequences.

Eventually the prosecution treated her as a hostile witness, and the case was again remanded.

BACKYARD REHEARSALS.

Stage-struck Scotch Girl To Be Sent
Back to Dundee.

The young Scotch girl, Jennie Guthrie, who came to London to qualify for the stage, and who was arrested on a charge of annoying gentlemen, is to be sent back to her home near Dundee.

At Bow-street on Saturday it was stated that she had been nothing improper in Mr. Paul de Lara's conduct towards the girl.

Mr. de Lara, it will be remembered, engaged the girl at a salary, gave her wages, and paid for her board and lodgings while she was, with others, rehearsing in a room in the backyard at King's Cross for a performance he intended to produce.

Mr. Fenwick said that if he had thought for a moment that there had been anything wrong between the man and the girl he would not have accepted his bail the previous week.

When first charged the girl said she was only fifteen; on Saturday she confessed she was in her twentieth year.

Mr. de Lara offered to pay the girl's fare home, and the prisoner was discharged, it being understood that the court missionary would see her off.

LONDON'S WORST SLUM.

Dock Labourer Starves Amidst
Terrible Surroundings.

There is reason to believe that, as the result of the revelations made at a Poplar inquest on Saturday, a slum which is probably the worst in London will soon have ceased to exist.

The relieving officer for the district, a man whose occupation had brought him into contact with many of the most appalling slums in the East End, stated that never in his many years' experience had he encountered such a terrible scene of squalor as he found in a room in Silver Lion-court, Poplar. In an upstairs room of one of the six tumble-down dwellings which comprise this court he came upon a dock labourer named James Nash. The man was sitting at the foot of an old bedstead scantily clad, and apparently very ill. There was also a dog in the room dying of starvation. The room and its surroundings were indescribable.

Nash's landlady, a woman named Margaret Noland, who had called in the relieving officer when she found that she could not open her lodger's door last Monday, said that ever since his wife died about three months ago the man had been drinking heavily. He had pawned and sold everything he could lay his hands on, and owed her eight weeks' rent. There was no trace of food in his room.

Nash was removed to the Sick Asylum, where he took food regularly, but died the next day as the result of neglect and want of food.

One of the jurors at the inquest said the court ought to be closed up, and the relieving officer replied that he had given notice to the authorities, and no doubt steps would be taken.

DETECTIVES' RUSE.

Lady Offers to Take an Armed
Burglar Into Her Service.

When a detective-sergeant went to arrest Albert Smith, twenty-four, a labourer, of Selhurst-road, Croydon, for two burglaries, the man put his head out of an upstairs window and pointed a revolver at the officer.

A moment or two later the man was arrested by another detective, who had quietly entered the house from the rear. The revolver was found to be fully loaded.

At the Croydon Sessions, on Saturday, a Mrs. Farrow said she was sure the prisoner acted under a temporary influence. She was willing to take him back into her service.

The Recorder said he could not possibly lose sight of the revolver incident, and passed a sentence of eighteen months' hard labour.

The sentence was followed by a pathetic incident, the prisoner's mother and sister both bursting into violent sobs.

FIGHT IN A COURT-HOUSE.

Witness Attempts to Chastise a
Prisoner in the Dock.

While a witness named John O'Hara was giving evidence in the Dublin Sessions Court, on Saturday, against a labourer named Bamewell, who was charged with assaulting and robbing two boys, a violent scene occurred.

To a statement of O'Hara's Bamewell retorted that the witness had been in prison with him. At this O'Hara sprang from the witness-box and made a violent plunge at the prisoner in the dock.

Amid great excitement in court two constables rushed between the men and hauled O'Hara back. But the witness again essayed to plunge into the dock.

"This cannot go on," said the Recorder. "Remove that man," and O'Hara was forthwith ejected from the court.

GIRL AIDS POLICEMAN.

Constable's Plucky Ally in His
Struggle with a Convict.

An exciting struggle with Charles Harvey, a ticket-of-leave man, was described at West London on Saturday.

In Avonmore-road the previous night a constable saw Harvey and another man behaving very suspiciously in a doorway. He went up, and was asking them what they were doing when they suddenly took to their heels.

The constable gave chase, and caught Harvey within forty yards, when he struck at the constable with a walking stick. He again got away, but was followed and caught. Both fell to the ground.

Harvey snatched the constable's whistle chain and broke it, but a young lady picked up the whistle and blew it several times. Harvey struggled desperately for a quarter of an hour, and the constable had to draw his truncheon and strike him.

On the way to the police station prisoner made two efforts to escape.

The prisoner was remanded as the police hope to catch the other man.

DRIVER'S "DOUBLE."

Deserted Wife Claims the
Wrong Man.

ODD MIDNIGHT DIALOGUE.

The inconvenience of having a "double" has been impressed upon James Stoneman, a London omnibus driver, in a peculiarly uncomfortable manner.

Stoneman had just finished his last journey at twelve o'clock one night about four months ago, and was leaving the omnibus yard in Caledonian-road on his way home, when a woman, whose acquaintance he was unable to claim, stopped him.

"I want to speak to you," she explained. "Why?" asked Stoneman.

She replied with a question. "What are you going to do about my support?"

Stoneman drew back a pace, puzzled. "What do you mean?" The answer came promptly: "I am your lawful wife."

The omnibus driver raised his eyebrows incredulously, and retorted with the characteristic candour of his profession, "You are up the pole. What's your name?"

She informed him that her name was Jane Watson, whereupon he replied that his was James Stoneman. He invited her to repair to a lamp-post, where she might scrutinise his features more closely, but she declined, remarking, "Oh, no! I have had some."

Missing for Eleven Years.

Eventually Stoneman proceeded home, but Mrs. Watson still remained firmly convinced that she had been interviewing the husband who had left her more than eleven years ago. The result has been that Stoneman was summoned at Clerkenwell Police Court on Saturday for deserting her.

Mrs. Watson declared to the magistrate that the omnibus driver was her lawful husband, Robert Carbutt Watson, the man to whom she had been married on January 16, 1884, at a Barnsbury church, and who had sold up her home and deserted her in May, 1893, while they were living at Bromley, Kent.

To support her claim to the possession of the omnibus driver she produced a photograph of her husband taken in 1885 in military uniform. She also produced her husband's discharge from the Army.

Not the Right Man.

But Stoneman met her claim with a complete denial that he was the missing husband, and brought evidence to show that he had never been in the Army, and that he did not come to London from Ipswich, his native town, until the end of 1884. He also handed to the magistrate the certificate of marriage with his lawful wife, who was present in court. Added to this the discharge from the Army referred to Watson as being 5ft. 3in. in height, whereas Stoneman is 5ft. 6in.

The magistrate, examining the photograph of Watson, said it resembled Stoneman, but was told that it did not represent the likeness of the omnibus driver twenty years ago.

In the end Mr. Bros told Mrs. Watson she had better withdraw the summons, warning her not to molest Stoneman.

ROBBERS' TRAP-DOOR.

Victims Decoyed to a Scoundrel's Den
in the West End.

The Metropolitan Police have brought to light a scheme by which men who were decoyed to a house of ill-repute in Charing Cross-road were robbed of their valuables.

Detectives discovered that there was a door between two of the rooms in the house, so arranged that clothes laid near by could be robbed. The door would open either way, and had well-oiled bolts.

In connection with this discovery Adolph Reid was sent to prison for three months by the Marlborough-street magistrate on Saturday for keeping the house in question.

He was described as "one of the worst scoundrels in the West End of London," and it was stated that he had previously been in prison for masquerading as a woman. Bertha Bear, who aided him, was fined £20.

COMEDIAN CHARGES HIS BROTHER.

While Mr. W. H. Berry, a comedian, was giving a daily entertainment at Broadstairs during the past summer he left his home in Arnold-road, Tottenham, in charge of his brother Frank.

He alleged that Tottenham Police Court on Saturday, that during his absence his brother ransacked the premises, raised money on his goods, and entertained friends at night.

The brother was remanded, charged with theft.

Macclesfield Museum has been entered by iconoclastic burglars, and a number of rare coins stolen.

PITHY PARAGRAPHS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Through fire at the Messrs. R. T. Miller's Turkey Red Works, at Glasgow, damage to the extent of £28,000 has been sustained.

At an inquest on James Bromley, forty-two, a licensed victualler, of the Volunteer, Watney-street, E., it was stated he was a teetotaler.

Lewisham Borough Council is making provision for any local distress that may arise by laying in several hundred tons of unbroken granite.

HORSES ELECTROCUTED.

Live wire dangers where the overhead system is in use for electric tramways are being continually emphasised by serious accidents.

At Liverpool, while a wire was being repaired it fell upon the two horses of the repair-wagon, killing both instantly.

DOG'S SHORT DAY.

Among the railway dogs who do useful work for railway charities by carrying collecting boxes, "Spot," at Northampton, is remarkable for refusing to do more than half a day's work.

Up to one o'clock it daily promenade the station, but after that hour it goes home, and no one can prevail on it to carry the box any longer.

OLD FASHION REVIVED.

It is authoritatively stated in "Fashion," the paper which guides the gilded youth in correct sartorial paths, that this winter the once popular Inverness cape will again become the correct thing for wearing with evening-dress.

One merit it possesses in the eyes of the man about town is that it is an expensive article, owing to the tremendous quantity of satin used in the lining.

WHERE TRAMPS WORK.

Nearly every board of guardians has bewailed the burden of an excessive number of tramps. Not so, however, in a fortunate district in Norfolk, where the master of the Rollesley Workhouse has reported an actual profit on the stones broken by his 1,062 vagrant visitors.

During twelve months the casuals have only cost £4 8s. 6d., or less than a penny per head.

LONDON'S FEVER RETURNS.

The fever returns issued by the Metropolitan Asylums Board on Saturday showed that there remained under treatment in the various hospitals under the control of the board 3,412 patients.

These were made up of 2,301 scarlet fever cases, 869 diphtheria cases, and 242 cases of enteric fever. The ambulance department returns showed that there were two small-pox patients under treatment in the Joyce Green Hospital.

EAST END PRIEST'S ACHIEVEMENT.

Dean Ring, who was yesterday inducted by Dr. Fenton, auxiliary-bishop to Archbishop Bourne, into the rectory of St. Mary and Michael's Church, Commercial-road, E., had to depend on his congregation for his breakfast when he took up mission work at Silverton seventeen years ago.

Since then he has raised £50,000 for schools and churches in the East End—chiefly from the river-side dockers.

RICHMOND PARK RABBITS.

Game being no longer preserved in Richmond Park, by order of the King tenders are being invited by the Commissioners of the Office of Works for the right to kill the rabbits, of which there are a great number.

Tenders must be delivered at the Office of Works on October 19, and the time during which the rabbits may be killed is from October 24 next to March 31, 1905.

VILLAGE DANCING HALL.

By means of a magazine article the Rev. Dr. Jessopp enlisted the sympathy of an unknown benefactor, who provided funds to build a village hall in his parish of Scarning, Norfolk.

In opening the hall the rector said institutions of this kind proved a bond of union among villagers. He hoped it would not become a debating hall, but a music hall, and he should not object to its becoming a dancing hall.

10,000 LONDON CHAUFFEURS.

Some idea of the importance of the motor industry can be gathered from the fact that there are 10,902 drivers licensed in the County of London alone.

There are registered in London 4,471 motor-cars and 3,078 motor-cycles. This hardly represents the number of vehicles in town, as there is no regulation that cars must be registered in the district where the owner resides, and many Londoners have registered their cars in the country.

EVADING THE LORDS' DECISION.

Although the London County Council are forbidden by the House of Lords' decision from themselves catering in their lodging-houses, this will not interfere with food being supplied to the lodgers.

The catering will be let to the superintendents of the houses at a rent of about 50s. a week, and this official will supply the food as at present at the same prices.

By this means the victory of the London Coffee Houses Association is rendered entirely barren.

Dr. Jameson left Southampton on Saturday for South Africa, to resume his duties as Premier of Cape Colony.

Lady Besant, widow of Sir Walter Besant, has died in Devonshire, leaving two sons, both of whom served in the war, and two daughters.

By thirty votes to twenty-four, after a sharp debate, ladies are now eligible for election on the board of management of Norwich Hospital.

After having been occupied for five years in inspecting London theatres Superintendent A. Stutter has resigned from the Fire Brigade owing to ill-health.

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton has been appointed to command the cruiser division of the Mediterranean Fleet, in succession to Sir Baldwin Walker.

CLAIMING A FORTUNE.

William Day, an inmate of the Greenwich Workhouse, has for two years been trying to raise the fare to Ireland, where he states he has £10,000 awaiting him.

The Greenwich Guardians have refused his repeated applications, and on Saturday he met with no more success from Mr. Kettle at the Greenwich Police Court.

He is seventy years old, and in his younger days was known professionally as William Martin, an expert swordsman and a fine athlete, who performed before, among others, the Emperor Napoleon III. His grandfather died in 1845, and left considerable property, which forms the basis of his supposed fortune.

CURE FOR "PODSNAPPERY."

At the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond-street, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson appealed to a large audience to appreciate the value of Greek culture.

In these days of greasy domesticity it was well to remember public obligations which the Greeks always placed first.

Greek culture was at every one's doors by way of translations, and Englishmen wanted a knowledge of Greek literature to save them from a universal future of "podsnappery."

ALDgate PUMP ADDRESS.

Thirty-one years have elapsed since Aldgate ward provided a Lord Mayor of London.

A special scheme of decoration is being provided in the ward by a committee presided over by Mr. Deputy Morrison to welcome Mr. Alderman Pound when he rides in procession through Leadenhall-street. It is hoped Sir Andrew Lusk, the Lord Mayor of 1879, will be present to deliver the customary address at Aldgate pump.

Entertainments for old people and school children in the ward are to be provided.

DEBATABLE MUSIC LECTURES.

Dr. W. H. Cummings on Saturday presided over the annual general meeting of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, at 20, Hanover-square.

He said that among the lectures arranged for the ensuing season they would probably be told "something they didn't know, something a lecturer couldn't prove, and something they did not believe," but many artists had obtained engagements as the result of appearances at the society's social evenings.

CIGAR-MAKERS' WINDFALL.

This week the strike of cigar-makers from the Imperial Tobacco Company factory in the City enters on a new phase by the receipt of £500 from New York.

This is stated to be the first instalment of a large sum which is being collected, and with the other resources of the strike committee will render the payment of strike pay a matter of no difficulty for some time to come.

WHAT THE RATES PAY FOR.

St. George's-in-the-East Guardians have agreed to spend £50 on a billiard-table for their workhouse officers.

The chairman protested against the money coming out of the rates; but it was pointed out that there were no means of recreation for the men in the neighbourhood.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, land-slides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

Of one hundred and fourteen aliens recently granted certificates of naturalisation sixty-seven were natives of Russia.

It has been decided to revert to the use of black leggings for the Guards when the existing stock of brown ones is exhausted.

The Prince of Wales has returned to London from Gordon Castle, Fochabers, where he killed several heavy salmon during a week's fishing.

WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

While being shown over the Glasgow Municipal Buildings, Mr. Kitzinger, who led the Boer forces in Cape Colony during the war, stared curiously at the uniformed attendant.

Suddenly he shook him warmly by the hand, and reminded him that when captured the attendant had stood guard over him.

GARLIC ON SALE.

This season's garlic is on sale. The potent root is brought from the south of Europe, and centuries ago was thought to be a sovereign specific for plague.

The area in the City on the north bank of the Thames, where it was landed, is still known as Garlic-hill and Garlic Hill.

WIMBLEDON'S CHARTER.

Wimbledon is assured of receiving its charter of incorporation, but formalities of advertisement in the "Gazette" preclude the dignity being assumed this year.

There will be six wards and twenty-four members of the council—six aldermen and eighteen councillors.

LAST OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

"I a mraether tired of Sherlock Holmes, and I expect the public is too," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has informed an interviewer.

The last story of this celebrated detective will consequently appear in the Christmas number of the "Strand Magazine," under the title of "The Adventure of the Second Stain."

CYCLIST KILLED BY A MOTOR-CAR.

Shortly before one o'clock yesterday afternoon a motor-car dashed into a cyclist who was riding across a road at Anerley.

The cyclist, William Henry Norton, aged fifty-nine, of Anerley, was felled to the ground and sustained severe injuries, to which he succumbed an hour later.

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND THE "BRODRICK."

Photographers in garison towns are anticipating an increased run of business when the new Army cap, to succeed the discarded "Brodrick," is selected.

Tommy may then elect to have himself photographed occasionally—a process which he is decidedly chary of undergoing while disguised by the doomed headgear. This, of course, is bad for the professors of photography.

COST OF EDUCATION.

To-morrow the Finance Committee of the L.C.C. will recommend that precepts be issued for a rate of 15.375d. in the £ for general county purposes, and 1.625d. in the £ for special county purposes.

The total amount of the contributions to be raised for the county rate is £2,875,700 15s. 5d., including £1,390,663 2s. 9d. for education.

ARMY CAPTAIN'S FATAL ACCIDENT.

Captain H. F. Ashby, of the Hampshire Regiment, died at Portsmouth on Saturday from injuries sustained by falling out of a window.

While sitting on the sill he overbalanced himself and fell a considerable distance, fracturing his skull. The operation of trepanning was performed, but from the first Captain Ashby's recovery was despaired of, and he died during the afternoon.

MR. BROWNING'S TESTIMONIAL.

So far from the testimonial to Mr. Harold Browning, the victim of the Brixton shop outrage, reaching £100, as has been announced in the *Daily Mirror*, it is not expected to amount to £10.

It is being raised by members of the Penge Wednesday Cricket Club, of which Mr. Browning is captain. As yet Mr. Browning has far from recovered his normal health.

VILLAGE OBJECTS TO POLICE.

Residents at Cefn, in Wales, have objected to having a constable stationed in their village, and petitioned the Cardiff Corporation to have him withdrawn.

So far from acceding to their request the Cardiff authorities, in view of their waterworks being in the neighbourhood, have doubled the unwelcome intruder by appointing a second policeman.

MAGISTRATE PICKS OKAUM.

On a refractory pauper, Sidney Knight, aged twenty-nine, informing Mr. Bros at Clerkenwell that it was impossible to pick 4lb. of okaum he was put back while a sample of the task was sent for.

In the afternoon the magistrate himself picked the okaum without difficulty, and sentenced the lazy prisoner to twenty-one days' hard labour.

GIPSY GARRISON.

Fenced Round by Barbed Wire to Resist Invasion.

Like the Russians in Port Arthur, the colony of gipsies that form the garrison of Black Patch, Birmingham, are on the constant look-out for the enemy.

On Friday last they put to rout a band of fifty navvies and others who essayed to evict them from the place, which has been a gipsy encampment since the days of George the Fourth.

Certain that the invaders will return again, the gipsies are making effective preparations to resist an attack. Their ninety-six-year-old queen is imbuing her subjects with the "no surrender" vow she herself has taken.

To guard against any surprise attack constant watch was kept by sentinels during the week-end, and the camp has been surrounded by a double fence of wire thickly coated with sticky tar.

Some of the wire is barbed, and, in addition, there has been an attempt at miniature earthworks.

A *Mirror* representative was assured yesterday that a warm reception awaits any further attempt at invasion.

"The women here can defend their homes as well as the men," said one nut-brown member of the women's council of war organised by the aged queen on Saturday.

The camp is so complete that it includes a small wooden chapel, wherein service is held every Sunday, largely attended by the gipsies.

Some of the caravans have been enclosed round the wheels to form a sort of cellar, and the camp would be exceedingly difficult to remove.

LADY APOSTLE

Makes Six Preaching Tours Round the World.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, the famous lady preacher, hails from America, the land of hustle, and is one of the greatest hustlers of the age.

Travelling from Palestine, where she had crossed the plains of Bethlehem on a camel by moonlight, she reached Northampton on Saturday.

Miss Ackerman, who travels and preaches in the cause of universal peace, has been six times round the world as a representative of the Universal Peace Union. She has come to Northampton to attend the great Sunday School Conference, which opens in that town this week.

She has spoken in nearly all the capital cities of the world, and through interpreters has addressed people speaking 197 different languages and dialects, addressing even the rough miners of Mexico and Alaska at the bottom of their mines.

Miss Ackerman's portrait appears on page 8.

CONCERTINA MAN.

Gigantic Acrobat Compressed Into a Two-foot Box.

Zutka, the phenomenon which will be shown to the public at the London Hippodrome this afternoon, looks like a man and feels like a man, but is a mystery. He is as pliable as a concertina.

On Saturday afternoon a *Mirror* representative inspected Zutka in a dressing-room at the Hippodrome.

Mr. George H. Webster, of New York, its exhibitor, took a black wooden box, measuring 2ft. by 18in., and showed that it opened on all sides and was secured by catches.

Then from behind a curtain he carried a figure, measuring 6ft. 4in. in height and of corresponding proportions, and placed it across the open box. The figure he proceeded to squeeze into the box, and the lid was fastened upon it.

Ten minutes elapsed. The figure was taken out, a strong electric light applied to its eyes, but never a blink was there.

On first consideration one inclines to the belief that the figure, which is garbed in pierrot's clothing, must be made of indiarubber, but one is permitted to touch the face, limbs, and any part of the figure, and it feels like a human being. The eyes, too, seem those of a man.

Mr. Webster stated that he discovered his phenomenon in a remote district of Germany.

The Most Wholesome
Form of FAT is

ATORA

For Frying, Cooking, and Pastry.
Sold by Grocers and Provision
Dealers at 9d. per 1lb. box.

Insist upon having only 'ATORA' Brand.
MUGON & Co., Ltd., Padieton, Manchester.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1904.

DEPLORABLE, BUT—

THERE is already one member of Parliament who is "cut dead" by his fellow M.P.s. Does the return of Mr. Marks for Thanet mean that next session there will be another.

Whether Mr. Marks's record is such as to justify his being "cut" is a question which in that connection does not matter. It is by their feelings, not by facts, that men are influenced in a case of this kind. If the feeling were to exist generally that Mr. Marks was not a suitable person to sit in the House, he would be "cut" to a dead certainty. And yet not one in fifty of those who "cut" him would be able to tell why.

To read some of the articles levelled against Mr. Marks one might imagine that no sinner had ever sat in Parliament before. There have been far worse men than Mr. Marks in the House of Commons, and there probably always will be. We do not say this to defend the choice of the Thanet electors. We are sorry to see a man of Mr. Marks's type elected. But there is no need to exaggerate or to lose our sense of proportion. The House of Commons and the purity of public life have withstood greater shocks than this.

Take the case of Thomas Wharton, M.P., who flourished in the reign of William and Mary. Macaulay in his "History" speaks of him thus:—

He early acquired and retained to the last the reputation of being the greatest rake in England. To the end of his long life the wives and daughters of his nearest friends were not safe from his licentious plots.

Of all the liars of his time, he was the most deliberate, the most inventive, and the most circumstantial. What shame meant, he did not seem to understand.

That with such vices he should have played a great part in life, should have carried off elections against the most formidable opposition by his personal popularity, should have had a large following in Parliament, should have risen to the highest offices in the State, seems extraordinary.

Wharton's vices were overlooked because he did his party such excellent service. The electors of Thanet have declined to be influenced by Mr. Marks's history for the reason that he spends a great deal of money amongst them. It is deplorable that such sordid considerations should be taken into account. But so long as human nature remains what it is, so long must we expect occasional lapses from the strait and narrow path.

And it might be as well, too, for us all to read over the Parable of the Woman taken in Adultery, and to apply to the circumstances of the hour those arresting words, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

FRENCH FOR FRENCHMEN.

A bitter cry comes from M. Jean D'Orsay, in the Paris "Matin." It is a summons to Frenchmen to speak French instead of bad English.

M. D'Orsay's complaint is that the English language has invaded France. Sports, which had their origin in England, have a right, he admits, to take their vocabulary with them at first. This should, however, be in course of time translated. He finds, on the contrary, that English sports terms have actually formed a nucleus of an English language within the French—a language, too, invariably mispronounced.

The taste for the English mode of life has brought and her collection of English words into use. What may be called English experts de luxe have a vocabulary of huge proportions, and the English tourist, who will not write in French, is a Paris being filled with shops lettered to catch his eye with words that soon become current.

But apart from this, the writer takes his fellow countrymen to task for using all kinds of English words as rowing, destroyers, meeting, shake-hand, baby, stick, toast, bar, music-hall.

A few English words are French, because they are now part of the French language, for instance, club, sport, record, wagon, rail, beefsteak, clown. But the rest he would rigidly exclude.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"It's not that I care for money to keep a money, but I do care for it so much for what it will buy.—*Dickens*.



A violent discussion is raging over the decision of the umpire at the Crystal Palace Bard Competition. The "Besses o' th' Barn" cannot find words for the judges who failed to acknowledge their superiority to everyone else. There is likely to be some difficulty in finding umpires for the next great contest of this kind.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

EVEN royal holidays must come to an end, and to-day sees the King back in London. Not only did he need a holiday, for he had been working extremely hard, but it has done him an immense amount of good. The cure at Marienbad started the good work, and he lost a great deal of weight. Since then his open-air life in Scotland has set him up ready to face the winter and hard work. He has shot with both gun and rifle, he has fished, and he has taken part in every amusement going with a zest which shows how well he is. In fact, those near him say that they have never seen him looking better.

Lord Chylesmore, who is to be the next Mayor of Westminster, is still a wonderfully young and active man, though he has passed the fiftieth milestone. He rows, shoots, is a splendid "whip," and a popular member of the Four-in-Hand Club. His favourite hobby is the collection of war medals, and his collection is unique. A book which he has written on the subject is one of the standard works. Before succeeding to the title, and while Colonel Eaton, in command of the Grenadiers, his regiment was ordered to the Bermudas as a punishment. It was there that he met his wife, a clever and handsome American heiress. She is tall, fair, and distinguished, but too dignified to be described as "smart."

MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

The Summer That Wouldn't Die.

THE early rains came! Pessimists shook their heads and said the glorious summer was over! The Summer laughed back from between the clouds, shook off the showers of glistening raindrops, and said, "Not at all, only playing hide-and-seek."

The gales came, lashing the waves into a fierce, wild fury, hurling fearful breakers against unyielding rocks, keeping the fishermen ashore, and driving half the late holiday loafers from the coast; and the pessimists wailed again, "Well, this surely is the end."

Back came the Summer in a radiant purple-and-gold sunset that turned the sea into a carpet of amethyst and jasper, and enjoined it into singing another lullaby to the starlit night. Grey clouds levelled themselves monotonously across the Heavens. White mists lay soaking in the valleys and wreathed themselves over the Downs. The pessimists sighed, "Behold, the coming of Winter."

Then the irrepressible Summer laughed outright. She blew the mists out of the valleys, brushed the Downs clear, kissed the sea into a glow of dancing sparkles that coaxed the bathers down for another "last dip," and woke the gardens into a perfect glory of scarlet and of purple and of gold.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, jun., who organised the great American motor race, was not content with the fortune of about \$20,000,000, for which he had to thank his father, but married a bride who had \$2,000,000 of her own. The wedding was one of the most violent displays of wealth which has been seen even in America. The value of the clothes in which the bride, Miss Virginia Fair, went to the altar was announced in all the American papers. Her underclothing alone, it was announced, cost \$2,000. What her trousseau cost can be imagined. Her engagement ring, it was also stated, was the most expensive which had ever been worn in America, and cost \$3,000.

It is seventy-seven years since that veteran theatrical manager, Mr. John Hollingshead, came into this world. Now he is lying more than seriously ill, and the theatregoing public, especially those who are fond of burlesque, are deeply anxious at the news. It is with the Gaiety Theatre that his name is always identified. He managed that theatre for seventeen years, and the business he did there can be gathered from the manifesto he issued during the fiftieth year. "I have taken," he stated, "from the public during that interval about \$54,000. I have paid the State in rates and taxes about \$16,000. Literature, through its distant relatives, the dramatic authors, has received about \$30,000. The Press, in the shape of advertisements, about \$40,000; and the dramatic profession about \$300,000." A big order for one theatre!

There are few celebrities he has not met, but the first he met was while he was still quite a small boy. It was no great actor, but Calcraft, the predecessor of Berry and Billington. The hangman, of whom young Hollingshead asked advice as to

IS IT WARMER TO-DAY?

THE low temperature of recent days has caused much suffering with colds id the head.

Id is the tibe of late autumn, altho the beggiding of winter, the tibe of the fall of leaves ad the rise in the price of haddock.

Id is a tibe which doobly likes because id caddot bake up its bind whid id really is. Subtibes id makes ad thiks id's rubber. Subtibes id's depressed ad thiks id's wider, ad the ody result is a cold id the head.

A bad with a cold id the head is a biserable being. He is dot pitied, for his illness is dot serious enough. Id is something betwixt ad betwixt—a half-way house betwixt deubodia ad adstroke. As for a woad with a cold id the head, she should draw a veil over herself—ad cud it up into pocket-hadkerchiefs.

A-tisch—oo.
A-tisch—oo.
Ugh!

entering into a competition for a "greasy pole" prize at a Hoxton fair, dissuaded him from making the attempt, remarking, "You're too clean, that's what's the matter with you. Sweeps nearly always win the prize. It's the soot as does it."

I wonder whether Miss Cissie Loftus, who is having such interesting letters from the American burglar, has ever summoned up courage to ask Sir Henry Irving for the eightiethence he owes her. While she was still a girl in a French convent school, the fact that her mother was an actress became known to the other girls. To keep up her importance little Miss Loftus claimed intimate acquaintance with all the stage celebrities, including Miss Ellen Terry and Irving.

She had an awful shock, however. A new chapel was built and subscriptions were wanted. One of the nuns wrote a waltz, and the girls were invited to send copies to their friends at the rate of eightiethence each. To her horror she was told to send copies to her great theatrical friends. There was no getting out of it, so the copies were sent. Miss Terry not only bought her copy but added a subscription, and wrote a kind little note which established Miss Loftus's reputation in the convent for ever. Irving neither returned the music nor answered, and Miss Loftus paid his eightiethence.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller,

HE may have come to an agreement over the Oil War, but he has not given way. He has never done such a thing in his life. Besides, when a man owns something like \$150,000,000 he does not have to give way. There is not a hair on his head, not even an eyelash. It is a thin, bony face—the nose thin, but the nostrils large—the eyes blue, but without the least expression, hard and piercing, seem to be set on the face, not in it.

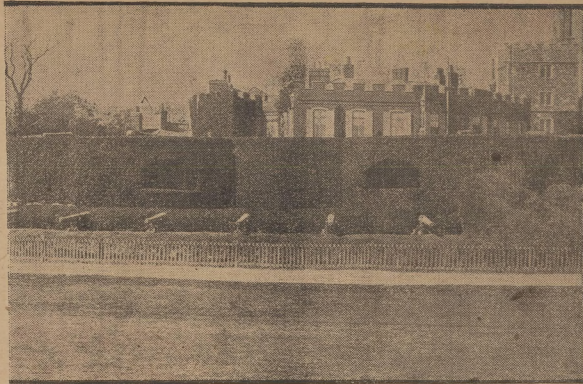
And this man, the wealthiest man in the world, lives the simplest life he can—because he must, if he is to live. He would give his whole wealth for a good digestion.

In the early morning he digs with a spade like a navvy—and carves the navvy. Then comes business over a private telegraph wire to New York—15,000 miles away. The rest of the day is golf, played, not because he likes it, but because his doctor orders it.

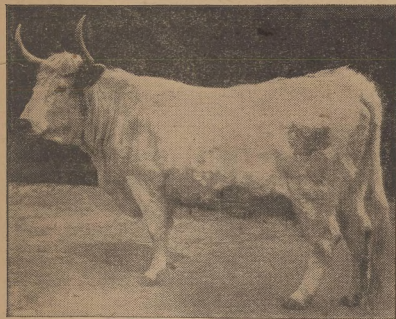
He is so rich that he can be courteous even to other millionaires, and so rich that all America is afraid of him.

He always wears a caination in his button-hole; always smiles when he meets anyone he knows; always lets them talk, but never, never, talks himself.

LADY CURZON AND WALMER CASTLE, WHERE SHE IS LYING ILL.



A new photograph of her Excellency Lady Curzon, whose condition is somewhat improved. Another operation, which it was feared might have been necessary, has been avoided. The second picture is of Walmer Castle, where her ladyship is lying ill.—(Underwood and Underwood.)



Duke Albrecht of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, while visiting Lord Tankerville, shot the king bull of the famous herd of Chillingham wild cattle. Above is a Chillingham king bull.—(S. Lander.)



The young Polar bear which recently arrived at the Zoo. It is as playful as a kitten, and is seen here shaking hands with its keeper.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD ILL.

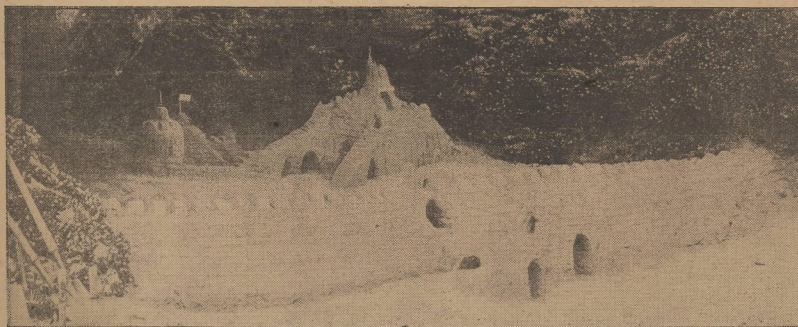


Mr. John Hollingshead, now seventy-seven years of age, lies dangerously ill at his home. He lit the "sacred lamp of burlesque" at the old Gaiety, and produced five hundred pieces in seventeen years.

LADY APOSTLE.

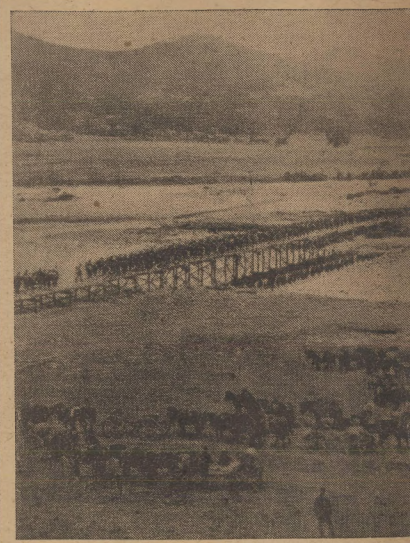


Miss Jessie Ackerman, the famous lady preacher from America, who has arrived at Northampton, where she will address a great Sunday-school gathering this week.—(See page 6.)



A curious sand castle built on the beach at Newquay by some little children visitors.

Through the



Detachments of Kuroki's troops crossing a tributary of the



After the battle: Medical Corps men at work attending wounded. (Copyright of "The Daily Mail.")



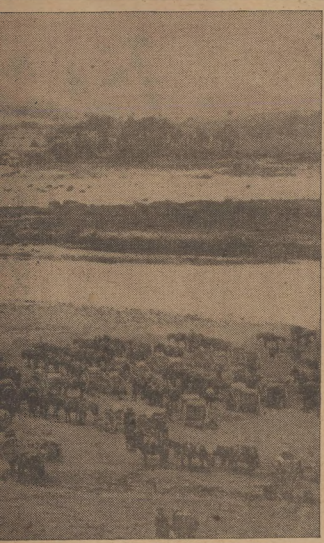
MARIE ADAMSON, of Ramsgate.



LESLIE KNIGHT, of Ramsgate.

Above are three more portraits of candidates for the

era Lens.



se-ho.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

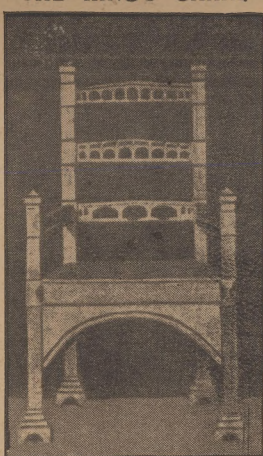


nese in an open-air field hospital in Manchuria.
eekly.")



stead. STELLA I. DICKS, of Wealdstone.
y Mirror Baby Beauty Competition.

THE KING'S CHAIR.



The King has accepted this chair, which was made from the piles forming part of the foundation of the original Kew Bridge. It was presented to his Majesty by Mr. A. Chancellor, ex-Mayor of Richmond.

CISSIE'S LOVE-SICK BURGLAR



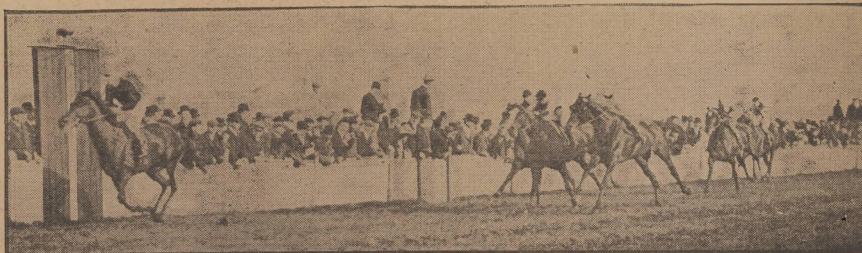
Miss Cissie Loftus, who has been the recipient of sentimental love-letters from an American burglar, who had stolen her jewels. He asked for her photograph, and she sent it to him in prison. See page 3.
—(Ellis and Walery.)

TRAMWAY ACCIDENT.



An electric car mishap in Green-street, Upton Park, on Saturday. The trolley arm became entangled in the wires whilst the car was in motion, with the result as seen above.

THE FINISH FOR THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES.



Robert le Diable, with D. Maher up, winning the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park on Saturday.

THE FIREMAN HERO.



Fireman Oates, who has been awarded the silver medal for an act of extraordinary bravery in saving life.—(See page 4.)

ALLEGED GERMAN PLANS SOLD TO ENGLAND.



It is alleged that the entire plans and drawings of this new German battleship, the Braunschweig, were stolen by an official at the shipbuilding yard at Kiel, and sold to the British Government.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.



The match between Derby County and Bury on the "County's" ground at Derby. The home team won by 3 goals to 2.

THE BURDEN OF BRIDGE.

Evils of the Passion for Cards Denounced by Church Congress Speakers.

If the denunciations of bridge at the Church Congress have any checking effect upon the craze the Congress will have accomplished a piece of work the value and far-reaching effects of which it is impossible to estimate.

Few people realise (or, if they do realise, are ready to acknowledge) the evils of this present-day mania for card-playing.

Before bridge came into fashion gambling—for it is nothing less—had pretty nearly died out. The advent of a new and fascinating game of chance rekindled the dying embers.

Cheered by the opportunity of winning money easily and pleasantly, without the trouble of either working or going abroad, people grew more extravagant, spent their winnings and a good deal over, then played again with renewed ardour to make good the deficit.

Women often look upon bridge as a source of income. They set about learning it seriously and scientifically. They spend hours over their lessons in order to become proficient, and then go forth finished players to win their friends' money.

The Dressmaker Suffers.

Many a young girl in her first season runs into debt by reason of losses at bridge. Sometimes it is the dressmaker who comes to the rescue, and lends money at an enormous rate of interest; or she may turn in desperation to some unscrupulous man, who thus obtains a sort of hold upon her, sometimes with pitiful and disastrous results.

Bridge often becomes not only a craze, but an absorbing passion, the only interest in some women's lives. They live to play bridge; their losses and gains occupy their thoughts to the exclusion of all else. They have no time for home life. They go to a bridge lunch party, and play till it is time to go home to dress for dinner. The dinner also is generally what is known as a "bridge dinner." The game lasts until the early morning hours, and often very large sums change hands in the time.

People who do not play bridge are socially nonexistent. Many women have been taken up playing bridge simply in order not to be "out of it."

"So-and-so doesn't play bridge, so it's no use asking her." That is an expression often heard. Many a door is opened to a good bridge player for no other reason than that she plays well. That same door will be closed to numbers of otherwise charming and delightful women simple because they do not play.

The question of example enters largely into the question. There is the terrible example set to the children, who see their mothers devoting their time and energies to the one ignoble object. Home becomes to such women merely a place to rest and dress in.

The Example "Below Stairs."

Then, again, there's the bad example set to servants, who see their masters and mistresses playing bridge all day and every day, Sundays not excepted. They, too, take to playing cards. The delight of winning money is strong in any class of life.

The passion for bridge has been known to lead to all kinds of evil.

There is, for example, the case of two ladies of very high rank, and by no means poor, in whom the craze for winning money at bridge was so highly developed that no trick was too mean for them to stoop to in order to win. They always made a point of playing for very high stakes, and generally won. When they were defeated their opponents noticed that after each deal one of them touched either a diamond ornament, a spade guinea hanging from a bracelet, or a heart-shaped charm. A protest was made, and the ladies, taking off at their jewellery, had only ordinary luck.

Undoubtedly much sorrow, much sin, and much suffering might be averted if bridge were relegated to its proper place as an amusement for leisure hours. It ought not to be a means of money-making or the sole interest of any woman's life.

LONDON BY THE SEA.

How would you like to live at the seaside and come up to town every day?

It would take too long, you say? Not if the plans of a syndicate now being formed can be carried out.

These provide for a thirty-minute service of mono-rail trams between London and a point on the south coast. At present there is nothing but a sleepy little Sussex village at this point. In a few years' time the village, it is hoped, will have developed into a large colony of Londoners, who will refresh themselves every morning and evening with the sea breezes and the air of the Downs.

If you take a house in this colony, your rent will include a season ticket. The town will be built on the principle of a "garden city"—that is, in circles, with avenues running from the centre to the circumference.

Trains can be run every few minutes, if necessary; their speed will be no way over 100 miles an hour, and there will be no swaying or jolting about.

It all sounds like a fairy tale, but the promoters of the scheme are dead in earnest about it. Good luck to their enterprise and determination!

TWO ROMANCES AND A REALISM.

Three Novels Which Will Help to While Away Winter Evenings.

CAPTAIN FORTUNE. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. (Methuen. 6s.) **DIANA PLEASE.** By Bernard Capes. (Methuen. 6s.) **THE HAPPY VALLEY.** By B. M. Croker. (Methuen. 6s.)

The first two of these are the romances, and right stirring ones they are.

Both Mr. Marriott-Watson and Mr. Capes have chosen to make their central figure a young girl instead of the dashing hero who generally clanks and slashes at us from the pages of cloak-and-sword fiction. In "Captain Fortune," the seventeenth century heroine is a sweet and noble-hearted creature, full of ardour and loyalty to King Charles I. She has (as all heroines must have nowadays) a large and influential property, and burns to help the Royal cause. Unfortunately, the Roundheads find her necessary to their interests, and so it comes about that she is made a pawn in an exciting game of intrigue and narrow escape, bandied from one party to the other, till at last she is so confused that she finds herself in love with a Parliamentary agent.

Very different is the Diana Please, whose life and adventures Mr. Bernard Capes gives us an opportunity to study. She is a more interesting heroine, if not so innocent and high-minded as Mr. Marriott-Watson's.

This charming adventuress, born in 1770, was many things by turn—a chimney-sweep, an actress, a lady of fashion, a spy, a protégée of Nelson's Lady Hamilton, and an important figure in a revolution in Naples, wherein lay the chief tragedy of her eventful life.

The vivid power with which Mr. Capes shows us the shifting scenes, the horrors which he can so deftly hint at, and the fascinating wickedness of the heroine make "Diana Please" quite a readable book.

"The Happy Valley" tells in a style of unpretending realism of a summer spent at a Norwegian country house by a number of paying guests. Mrs. Croker contrives to work out their various stories without letting her book become tumbling or verbose.

Indeed, it is brightly written, and gives a charming picture of the country itself—not the Norway of the tourist, the land of the Midnight Sun (and Dr. Lunn), but the inland country, with its peasant life and atmosphere.

If there is a little too much of the jargon of fishing for some tastes, it may be pardoned for the sake of the book's many entertaining qualities.

BOYS OR GIRLS AT WILL.

Determination of Sex Problem Solved in Ancient Times.

"I call attention to the practice of the ancient Chaldeans for beggetting a son or daughter at will, an art of the highest antiquity, which still holds its own, as it has done for thousands of years, among those who know the secret. This secret is fully revealed in the Talmud, and has never been unknown to the students of that great work."

Thus writes Mr. C. M. Kennedy to the "St. James's Gazette." He gives some hint of the solution of the problem in another passage of his letter—

"It is a well-known fact that among the lower animals it is found that if caterpillars are allowed to enter the chrysalis state in a starved condition the butterflies resulting are males; if they are well fed the butterflies are females. The same rule has been found to hold good in the production of lambs; and experiments on tadpoles have produced the same results.

"In the human species it is said that a larger proportion of boys are born after a national catastrophe—such as a war or an epidemic of cholera—and that even a rise in prices of commodities produces the same effect, thus showing that whatever tends to lack of nutrition raises the proportion of male births. Analogous to this is the effect of cold weather, which is favourable to the birth of male children.

"On the other hand, girls are born in greater proportion to prosperous families and amid town surroundings than among the poor in the country. The next step is to discover why these things are so—if they really are so.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Briefly I may remember,
And haply may forget.

—Christina Rossetti.

SPURS FOR WOMEN.

General Agreement That They Are Both Cruel and Unnecessary.

The raising of this question in our columns has excited a great deal of interest and brought us in a very large number of letters. Of these we can, of course, only publish a small selection, but it may be said that they nearly all condemn the wearing of the spur by horsewomen and show that its use is the exception, not the rule.

For example, "A Horse's Friend" (Merton Park, Surrey) says:—

"It was with mingled feelings of indignation and surprise that I read Miss Doris Vivian's letter in defence of the use of what can only be described as a cruel form of spur.

"It is a matter of common knowledge—at least, in the shires, where our finest horsemen and horsewomen are—that not even many men know how to use a spur properly, and at least 75 per cent. of them have the prong nicked off.

"As regards the ladies up there—in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, than whom there are no finer horsewomen in England—I do not know of a single one who ever wears a spur, and I have hunted in Leicestershire for some seasons."

Of Course a Spur Hurts.

Mr. Maurice Willes (Royston Manor, Wendover), referring to Miss Sybil Grey's remark that "a spur cannot hurt a horse much," asks: "What can she mean? Let her take an ordinary lady's spring spur and put the point to her hand and press it sharply, and she will soon see if it hurts much. And the least dig with the heel is so much more powerful than the spur."

"Ladies' spurs are very cruel weapons, and it makes it worse, to my mind, to think that they invariably wear their spurs concealed. No doubt many poor horses could tell a tale of vigorous spurtings from the so-called gentle women."

Miss Grey, on the other hand, has written us another letter, contending that ladies do not use their spurs much.

"As I said in my last letter, a spur is a very useful thing, but, of course, I did not mean to 'probe an already bleeding wound,' as Miss Solomon calls—and rightly, too—a very thoughtless and cruel act.

"Because a lady uses a spur, let it be said, it is not at all necessary for her to hurt her horse so much as to bring blood.

"Miss Solomon also seems to think that if one has a spur one uses it constantly. That is not the case, I am sure, unless the lady who does so is really a very cruel and heartless person indeed."

Mr. Ernest George Farley (Aldershot) is very indignant with users of spurs.

To Heal, Not Wound.

"Englishmen are enabled to thank God daily for women who bore the sons that made Old England great with honour—women who with gentle patience teach the lispings lips of their little ones to pray; women, pure as a Madonna, who lovingly endeavour to soothe pain or tend a wound (not inflict one), who in mercy would hasten to embrace a possible chance to reclaim a fallen sister; women whose very presence ennobles those who are near. Such women as these never did nor never will need spurs."

"From A. R. B. (Kensington) comes a severe indictment of women riders on many counts.

"The way women ride horses at the present day is silly and ridiculous, and very often cruel to the horse."

"Most of them sit on the saddle, hang on to the horse's head (as if they tried to pull it off), and then themselves roll about like indiarubber balls. When they trot or canter there is a constant swaying of the arms and legs, and their spurs are continually dug into the horse's ribs.

"If they keep their legs nearly still their toes are turned out and the spurs stuck into the horse, like an anchor in the ground.

"As for the men, they are worse."

"As a lover of horses, I urge that every man and woman should learn to ride without the spur, and not wear it until they thoroughly understand its use, and the way it should be used."

KUBELIK STILL TRIUMPHS.

The Bohemian violinist's magnetic power over the British public seems to increase year by year; certainly as a "draw" he has no equal just now, for Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon was packed from floor to ceiling for his "only recital this season."

Perhaps it is because he knows that the British public love sensational playing that Kubelik plays so much music that principally shows him off as a virtuoso. Certainly it is a wise proceeding financially, and as far as technique goes Kubelik is undoubtedly Paganini's successor.

Even so, there is much for one musician to admire in his playing, for no living violinist can excel Kubelik in pure beauty of tone, as he proved in his playing of the Bruch Concerto on Saturday.

At the end there were the usual enthusiastic scenes; many of the audience crowded round the platform and demanded encore after encore, to which Kubelik—who is always good-natured—readily responded.

Some magnificent flowers were presented to the artist during the concert.

1,000,000 COPIES

ALREADY SOLD

To the most intelligent and influential people of the civilised world, including

H.M. KING EDWARD VII.,

H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS,
H.M. THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY,
H.M. THE KING OF GREECE,
EARL ROBERTS, &c., &c.

3 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

WHY?

Why don't YOU avail yourself of our exceptional offer? You take no risk whatever! We are

prepared to send you, carriage paid, one of the most valuable illustrated publications ever offered to the public. It is entitled

"The Natural

Method of Healing."

and contains 2,274 pages perfectly printed on high-quality paper, 715 beautiful illustrations by the world's best artists, and 32 elaborately Coloured Plates, with Nine unparalleled Coloured Anatomical Adjustable Diagrams, which alone are more than worth the entire cost of this unique scientific publication.

YOU CAN LEARN MORE

and teach your children more practical animal physiology, and obtain a better common-sense knowledge of the human anatomy by the aid of this invaluable work than by any amount of expenditure in ordinary schools or tutors' fees.

NOW

is the time to avail yourself of our exceptional offer, so

DO NOT DELAY.

REMEMBER, it costs nothing to have the two volumes sent you for inspection.

YOU NEED PAY NO MONEY DOWN

except five shillings (returnable deposit), and if you do not approve of the volumes after THREE DAYS' FREE TRIAL, you can return them to us (carriage forward), and we will refund your five shillings deposit in full by return of post.

EVERY HOME

should contain a copy of this reader to understand all the ordinary hygienic and physiological requirements of men, women, and children. This means that you can prevent suffering and

SAVE DOCTORS' BILLS.

'Daily Mirror' Order Form.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me "The Natural Method of Healing" (Bills System), as published in 2 volumes, price 30s., for which I enclose 5s., my first subscription, and for which I will send on 5s. monthly until the whole amount is paid. Goods to be returned if not approved within three days, and money paid to be refunded.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

Publishers: G. J. HOWELL & CO.,
32, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Half of Her Kingdom.

The demure, brown-robed servant brought in the tea-table, and set it near the long lounge chair drawn up to the leaping fire. Outside the day was clear and cold and sharp, as ice-bound December. But though the flames flickered pleasantly on silver and china, though the cook had supplied her most esteemed tea-cake, and supplemented it with other dainties—frilled bonbon cakes from hands even more skilled than her own—Myra Raycroft did not turn her head or make the smallest movement of her hand to the teapot.

The maid remonstrated.

"The tea will be cold, madam," she said reproachfully, "and you ate no lunch."

"Myra?" "I don't want any tea," she said petulantly. She regarded the inviting spread with the eyes of an angry and miserable child. Blanche, accustomed to her mistress's mood, poured out a cup of tea and set it by her side.

"At that moment the bell rang."

"I will see no one," said Myra fretfully, "not a soul. I am out, ill, anything."

Each woman knew the one exception; neither named it.

Myra listened with strained nerves to the sound of voices in the hall. The drawing-room door was a little ajar, she could hear distinctly. Her heart stilled, then gave a glad rebound, but she did not even turn her head when the maid announced: Mr. Ferris.

He came swiftly across the room, and, as the door closed behind the maid, he bent and kissed Myra's soft, shining hair.

"Have you no welcome for me?" he asked quietly.

"Welcome!" the woman's voice was a caress. She sprang up her hands and caught his face between the palms. "Robert? And I thought you were never coming again—that—Oh! a hundred horrible things!"

"I never knew anyone so addicted to the foolish habit," he said, patting her cheek. "Thinking's one of the most unprofitable things in the world. Hullo! Tea—is it fit to drink? Jove! but it's cold outside; a snap of winter."

She sprang to her feet and drew one of the low chairs to the fire. "Sit down, and let me wait on you, you poor, famished thing."

She poured out his tea and served the same to him, keeping up a running commentary of pleasure at his presence. She was as a woman who has been dead, and, returning to life, snatches at all it offers with eager fingers.

The man accepted all her homage. He was there to please her, and this was what pleased her—the pouring out of herself to him. He might talk as he would of her ability to wind him round her little finger—no doubt she could at times, as any woman may; but he could play on her heart as on an instrument, knew every passionate note of it, could draw out harmonies or discords at his will. That had been in the past, before Hilda came between them. Yet, even now he knew he had but to say the word and the barrier would melt like snow before the sun.

"You are looking very pretty," he said slowly; the woman knew the inflection of the voice, it thrilled her with old memories. He caught her hand and held it, regardless of the teacup she was conveying to the table.

Myra laughed. She was pleased, although she hardly believed him. Tears, long, wakeful hours, anger and disappointed love, these are not usually beautiful.

"My dear Robert," she protested. "I look and feel hideous."

He released her hand.

"That is the worst of women," he sighed; "they—not one in a hundred of them—can accept compliments gracefully. They simmer or are brusque; there is no happy mean."

She handed him a cigarette from her little gold case, with its monogram, and lighted a match for him.

"You must forgive me," she said; "I am a little out of practice in the art of accepting compliments from you."

Her words were light, yet there was a sub-acid touch about them; something in Ferris's words or manner, she could hardly have said which, had rubbed the bloom off her happiness. She remembered that this man was hers no longer, and became suspicious. What did he want with her? When a woman wonders what the man who makes love to her wants her case is very hard indeed.

Ferris twisted his cigarette nervously in his fingers. Although he did not meet Myra's eyes he knew that they were upon him. Suddenly there, in the woman's presence, the nostalgia of the past rose up between them, and the thing he had come to say became unnecessary.

A silence fell between them.

Myra sighed. Her face, mechanically, it had grown cold, she did not taste it. She looked at Ferris again, covertly this time. He was blowing out clouds of grey-blue smoke and watching them meditatively. He looked old, tired. She saw what she never remembered to have noticed before—a little patch of grey above the ear. Her heart contracted with a paradoxical pain.

"Well, my friend," she said suddenly, "you're playing with buttoned foil to-night. Come, what's the matter; have you heard from your wife? Does she prove difficult?"

He shook his head.

"Have you heard of her, then?"

He shook his head again.

She shrugged her shoulders slightly and stood up, her elbow on the mantelpiece. Their eyes met.

She was very beautiful. The compliment the man had paid her had been idle enough. He realised the inadequacy of it now. Sorrow coarsens or refines. It etherealised Mrs. Raycroft. There was passion in the droop of her beautiful mouth, but it was the passion of grief; new depths in her luminous eyes, the look of one who has gazed over the wall at the end of the world. With a swift movement she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it?" she asked. "What is it, Robert?"

"I can't tell you," he said in reply. "I came to tell you, but I can't. Comfort me, Myra; forgive me, be kind to me. I've come to the end of all things, and when a man does that there's no one but the woman he loves who can comfort him."

She flung herself down on her knees beside him, her hands clasped round his arm.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, what has happened?" she murmured in alarm, for in all the years she had known him, in every up and down of fortune's scale, in good luck or bad, however great the trial, she had never seen Robert Ferris in this mood. Her jealousy melted away in a flood of love.

"What has she done? Robert, it's that girl, that hateful girl!"

"No, I wasn't thinking of her, poor little fool; she's gone for the time—gone, the deuce knows where. It's something worse than a woman, my dear Myra," he ended with a whimsical smile.

"Money!" she stood up, and moved away a little from him. Creation of moods and fancies that she was, a reaction of the tenderness she had felt towards him had already set in. "You have her money; was there? And you are her guardian, as well as her husband."

She struck a match with a defiant sound and lit a cigarette. She was done with the force of love-making; she did not know whether she were minded to play the part of the confidante to whom the aggrieved husband comes and pours out the history of family jars.

Desperation settled on Robert Ferris. He was a coward at heart, yet what affection lay in him centred round this brilliant, disdainful creature. He had played the god in her eyes for years; he was not minded now to play the cur. Yet the end, the end, the possibility which lay before him! He turned himself on the mercy of Fate; he would tell a plain tale and let the tricky dame twist things as she would.

"I regret very much to say that I have neither the lady nor her money," he said quietly.

Myra wheeled round.

"What?" she said sharply; "I don't understand. You told me you had used only 250,000 of my things; where's the other fifty?"

His voice was sharp; a husky undertone had stolen into its mellowness.

Ferris shrugged his shoulders.

"You have it upon much higher authority than mine that riches take to themselves wings," he said, with a flippancy he was very far from feeling.

The woman blew a perfect ring of smoke into the air, watched it widen and evaporate; she was thinking rapidly. What did he mean? "I don't know about the taking to themselves," she said slowly. "The impetus of their flight is usually accelerated by some outward agency."

"I must say I'd uncommonly like to know what the outward agency in this case was," said Ferris grimly.

She flung her cigarette away abruptly. The man was sitting now with no pretence of the good-humoured fellowship with which he had entered the room; his chin was sunk in his collar, his eyes fixed on the fire, a deep frown of thought or pain cut between his temples.

"You bent about the bush. Robert, I insist upon knowing what you mean. You come and ask me to comfort you—for what? Because the little girl you tricked into a marriage has had the pluck to leave you?"

"No," he said harshly, and started up from his chair; "but because the ample fortune for which I married the little girl had vanished into thin air. Because, after lying, cheating, murdering, I find that the gold for which I did all these things is fairy gold, and has turned to dry leaves in my hand."

"Whatever do you mean by vanished?" she cried, startled out of all elegance of diction into very human and womanly curiosity.

"This is what the world will know to-morrow or the day after—that, despite all my efforts, the firm of Ferris, Latham, and Co. is bankrupt."

Myra looked at him for a moment, then burst into a scornful laugh.

"Oh, wolf, wolf," she cried; "you have told that tale too often!"

Myra sighed. Her face changed colour.

"You know as well as I do that the firm has been trembling on the brink for months, that only chicanery and trickery have kept it going. Now it has gone."

"But Hilda Maxwell's money?" said Myra, almost stupidly.

"Has gone. Heaven above us knows what it

means; I don't. As you know, the first fifty thousand bolstered us up. Without your finger in the pie, my dear lady, things would have gone all right. I was looking to bring off a coup; then, when that cursed Indian turned up"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I thought I was bowled over. When he was snuffed out—I lost my head, I confess it. The coup did not come off. Your fault was not mine. But, Hilda's other guardian, I felt at ease where her money was concerned. I had no doubt I could meet my liabilities. I cabled to India for a cable of credit. I got this." He drew a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to her.

She puzzled over it with knitted brows. "But it's in cipher," she objected. "Oh, the other side, I see." She read the long, closely written thing with earnest attention.

"But I don't understand. If you withdrew the money, what are you talking about?"

Ferris muttered a curse. "If I had withdrawn the money, do you think I should be whining about it now?" he asked impatiently. "Can't you see what happened? The confounded Indian, when he got your letter, transferred the money, forged my name, paid it the deuce knows where. Jove! If these Indian bankers get wind of the matter I shall be had up yet. They must think me mad!"

Myra read the transcript of the code cable again.

Fail to understand your request. All moneys relating to estate of late Roderick Maxwell transferred from our keeping to your account, Messrs. Densmore, Charrington, and Co., in compliance with signed instructions of yourself and co-guardian, Bismar.

"But still I don't understand," she said. "If it was transferred to Densmore, Charrington, and Co., it's there now."

"Very probably," he said, in a grim voice. "The unfortunate fact is that I never banked a penny with Densmore, Charrington, and Co., in my life."

Myra's grip on the folded paper tightened, her eyes widened, mystery grew in them. For one moment, one breathless moment, she had a fear that Ferris's troubles had unhinged his mind, then dismissed it at once. His face was harassed, haggard, his eyes distressed, but that was all. She collected her thoughts with an effort. Like many women, she was not particularly businesslike; still the impossibility of what Ferris said grew bright in her mind.

"But if the money was transferred to Densmore's bank in your name, it must be there now," she said, tenacious of her point.

"What must be is not, in this case, unfortunately," said Ferris. "On receiving that cable I went at once to Densmore's in Lombard-street and had an interview with the manager. He, I suppose, thinks that Stephen's crime and—any and have unhinged my brain, for when I made inquiries about my account he told me it had been closed a week ago."

"Robert?"

"Pretty wild, isn't it? By Jove, Myra, if you could have seen the manager's face! He thought he was alone with a lunatic, I suppose; offered me a drink, and talked prettily to me, as if I were a child! I don't know which of us was most glad to end the interview."

"Then that means that fifty thousand pounds of—of your wife's money has vanished into thin air?"

He nodded. "I don't know much about the thin air," he said. "It's vanished. I have not the faintest shadow of a notion where it can be. Bismar removed it for safe custody, I suppose, and Bismar's dead."

"But his relatives, his executors?"

"I know nothing of them, and have no wish to stir up a nest of hornets about my ears." He laid his hand suddenly, almost roughly, on her arm.

"Good Lord! Myra, seem to see one of those black flies in the corner, in the streets, in my dreams, in my lonely rooms at night; it's killing, killing! And to think, with all that; the old firm should burst up!"

"Why should it?" she asked quietly. "Why should it, Robert? The firm and you are one, and I am yours."

He shook his head and turned away. The moment for which he had plotted had come, success was within his grip, yet the taste of it was bitter and brackish on his lips.

"Oh, my dear man," she exclaimed impatiently. "How often must I reiterate my poor offer? Everything that I have, everything, to the last penny, Robert, is yours, and you know it, for the asking. I'll reconstruct the firm, and have done with swindling, Robert!"

"I can't, my dear. I could never repay you, and a man does not take money from a woman—especially if he loves her."

"Repay me? There is but one payment that I want, and you know that," she said. "But one condition that I will make, one small condition, Robert."

He turned to her, with an eager look in his eyes. Life, and such honour as he held in the world, were very sweet to him. If he refused this woman's offer he must needs lose both; he could not live a beggar.

"Your condition?" There was banter in his voice, but none in his haggard eyes.

She turned away, clasping her hands feverishly together.

"That you make no effort to seek out your wife—that you let her go the path she has chosen. Is it a bargain? Will you shake hands on it?"

He hesitated for many minutes, then slowly turned to her. Their hands, their lips, met; the bargain was sealed.

Another exciting instalment, with fresh developments, to-morrow.

THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD!

LEWIS'S "WONDERFUL"

VELVETEEN AT 2/- A YARD

FOR TWENTY YEARS LEWIS'S Wonderful Velveteen at 2/- a yard HAS LED ALL OTHERS. It is equal in appearance and durability to the best Silk Velvet, and can only be obtained DIRECT from LEWIS'S in Market Street, Manchester. Made in Black and all colours, including the New Parisian and Pastel Shades. Fast Pile. Fast Dyed. Every Inch Guaranteed. This quality is sold elsewhere at double and treble the price, but LEWIS'S manufacture this Velveteen themselves, thus enabling them to sell it direct to the public at 2/- a yard. Ladies should write for PATTERNS (which will be sent) POST FREE.

LEWIS'S pay carriage on all orders for Velveteen. LEWIS'S also supply the most Wonderful Value in FASHIONABLE DRESS MATERIALS. Write to the nearest Depot returned in full. If goods are not approved of, 2/- in the 2/- discount for cash.

LEWIS'S IN MANCHESTER

SEARLE'S

Bargain Bundle

OF

Winter Comforts

30/-

CONTENTS:

- 1 Pair full-sized genuine warm Winney Blankets.
- 1 Pair 80-inch Twill or Plain Household Sheets, ready hemmed, 6 yards long.
- 2 Superfine Pillow Cases, to button.
- 1 Extra-Large Tapestry Quilt, superb pattern (fringed).

ON RECEIPT OF

2/6 Deposit balance 4/- Monthly

We will at once forward you the above parcel, carriage paid. No references or securities of any kind required. Sample parcel sent on approval, free of all carriage charges. Despatch returned in full. If goods are not approved of, 2/- in the 2/- discount for cash.

H. J. SEARLE & SON LD.
(Dept. C.) 70, 72, 74, 76 & 78, Old Kent Rd.
LONDON (City End).

SNOWITE COLLARS

WASHED, DRIED, READY TO WEAR IN 10 SECONDS.

Something fresh, useful, and never on market before. Undiscoverable from linen. Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When cold wash with soap and water and dried on towel. After this snowy white and soft as a cloud. In the morning each, or 3 for 1s (state size, depth, and style when ordering). CUFFS 1s 6d. 12 CUFFS 1s 6d. All post free. Supplied only by PAKERS'S, Illustrated List sent. Spare time agents wanted. Good pay.

PAKERS'S DEPT. 100 CHEAPSIDE LANCASTER.

A PILL IN TIME SAVES NINE.

DR. ROOKE'S PILLS

ORIGINAL

70 Years' Reputation, as the Most Effectual Remedy for

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINTS AND ALL DISEASES ARISING THEREFROM.

These Wonderful Curative Pills, Prescribed by DOCTOR ROOKE (of Scarborough) 70 years ago, still maintain their MARVELLOUS REPUTATION.

May be had of all Medicine Vendors: 1/3, 2/6, and 4/6 per box. Or post free direct from—

DR. ROOKE, 26a, High Holborn, London.

FREE. DR. ROOKE'S MEDICAL WORK, a Book of 80 pages, together with a Sample Box of Pills, sent free above address on receipt of one penny stamp for postage.

WARM FURS FOR CHILL OCTOBER—HOME BIRDS.

DAUGHTERS OF TO-DAY.

HOME BIRDS WANTED TO STAY AT HOME.

The girls of to-day—and let me hasten to say that I am not speaking of those who must become bread-winners away from home, but of the large number to whom home offers the best and nearest opportunity for energy and effort—are singularly impatient of what they deem household restrictions. Not impatient only of those restrictions, but often amazingly blind to their advantage. I know girls who long to fare forth from the familiar home threshold in order that they may become something in their point of view much more important than just that dear and precious being—a daughter at home.

Anything But What They Are.

To go on the stage, hidden here and there by an inexorable and exacting profession; to be a journalist; to be a trained nurse, caring for the sick in hospitals and homes not their own; to be a doctor; to be an elocutionist; these are some of the beckoning careers which allure our young girls and make simple domestic life by contrast insipid and uninviting.

Yet, could they but see with a clear vision, the girl who stays with a delicate mother, lifting her burdens and smoothing her path; the girl who coaches her young brother and fits him for school; the girl who makes the puddings and mends the stockings, and teaches her Sunday-school class; the girl whom a good man woos and wins; the girl who marries and becomes a sweet wife and a tender mother; just the plain, old-fashioned girl, who cares more for being good than for doing great things, this and not the other who must earn her living is the fortunate and the enviable girl.

Delightful, But So Reckless.

It is truly sad, but truly true, that one of the most remarkable phases in our modern life is the prevalent unrest of girlhood. No thoughtful observer can fail to perceive it. It is alike irritating and puzzling. It is impossible not to feel intensely interested in the twentieth-century girl, for she is a delightful creature, fascinating, lovable, ambitious, sure of herself, impatient of restraint, eager for individual work, and straining ever against the curb of feminine limitations. She probably has as much conscience and as much sincere piety in her constitution as her predecessor of thirty years ago, and it must not be forgotten that that other girl had a narrower sphere than her daughter of to-day. But she was more contented in her daily round than is her daughter, who is all effervescence and in a ferment to do, crying out to enter the lists like a man, and demanding only a fair field and no favour.

The feeling of our keenest business men and women is strongly against the tendency which urges young women needlessly into the already overcrowded ranks of the wage-earner. When duty points there the girl simply obeys without conflict, without unrest. It is when duty points, as it often does, plainly in the opposite direction that the agitation begins. The well-educated girl, with work lying at her hand in her father's house, in her own town, in her own church, is not attracted by this, but beats against the bars like a caged bird because she cannot, as she thinks, develop along the lines of her own choosing.

To such girls older women long to say, in all loving kindness, all each day with sunny helpfulness, with cheery attention to your home ones—with simple, gentle, womanly occupations well done. Thus will you discover the secret of peace, and take to heart this thought: that all things below are relatively important, and that from the point of view of the angels she who sets the home table three times a day is as greatly to be admired as she who in any way ministers to the larger public away from home.

Leather trimmings are seen on some of the new tailor-made shirts of wool.

Draperies veils are made of pompadour gauze, bordered by triple bands of narrow black velvet ribbon.

In the order of their prominence the modish materials are chiffon velvet, velveteen, taffetas, supple cloth, crêpe de Chine, cashmere, serges, and tweeds.

A nice breakfast change is to have some hot toasted

Force
with bacon. It makes a new relish.

Icilma.

A clear, healthy complexion and white hands, proof against heat, cold, wind, or sun, only be obtained and kept by using ICILMA WATER CREAM, and SOAP. Nature's remedies. Their cleansing, softening, and soothing effect is unique and immediate. (Samples, Soap and Cream, 2d.)
ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. 10), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.

A HINT FOR KNITTERS.

WOOL WOUND THE REVERSE WAY.

Those who knit and crochet know the trouble caused by a ball of yarn or floss falling and rolling about the floor. This trouble is easily obviated if the yarn is wound so that it can be used from the inside of the ball first, as in the ordinary way. Unrolling from the outside is the cause of the ball's rolling propensities. First wind the wool or silk six or eight times over the outstretched fingers of the left hand, giving as great a length as possible to the windings, and keeping in mind the fact that these windings are to be pulled from the centre when the ball is finished. With these first windings always protruding at the top and bottom, proceed as usual, winding very loosely. When the skein is wound the outside end is tucked

A REST-ROOM.

ALL WHITE AND VERY PEACEFUL.

A guest-chamber that I can never forget, writes one who has travelled far and wide, I found in a homelike house beautiful throughout because of its simplicity. Two of the windows of the visitor's room faced the north, opening into a blossoming orchard, two others looked west across a green valley to a magnificent range of hills. The room was very white and very restful, and somehow it seemed more restful when my eye found framed above the mantelpiece these words, beautifully illuminated, "The name of this chamber is Peace." In smaller frames I found a sentence here and there on the walls which suggested happy thoughts and a gracious welcome. One, which hung between the western windows, seemed to greet me every night like a benediction. It was from George



It has been very wisely said that no garment of real fur, be it ever so well worn, should be cast aside as useless. The furriers are perfectly wonderful magicians, and are able to concoct from apparently hopeless shreds and patches something smart in the way of a pelarine and muff trimmings, such as are shown in the picture above. Upon green velvet chinchilla arranged in rondeau form looks beautiful, and the new crushed plush is being used in a background in the same manner.

Quite suddenly the weather became so cold that there was a hurried rush for furs, and many charming mantles were sent from the shops to the houses of customers. Above is depicted a coat-dolman made of musquash, finished with a little waistcoat of white kid and gold buttons. On the arm-pieces leather-lined corners are turned up and fixed with gilt buttons. The muff worn with this mantle is made of musquash, completed by a broad chenille fringo, wrist-lets of lace, and a spray of roses.

in securely and the first is pulled out. After once using and experiencing the satisfaction of a non-rolling ball the knitter will never go back to the old method of working from the outside.

BAD LUCK AVERTED.

In Russia there is an old superstition that the child who is praised in the nurse's presence is certain not to thrive. Therefore, if the foster-mother is carrying in her arms a beautiful child who excites admiration from those who stand by, she will spit on the ground to avert the bad luck that would otherwise visit not only the child but herself.

Eliot, and it said, "I have always this sort of welcome when I look at the sunset; that there in the west lies a land of light and warmth and love." I have slept in guest-rooms much more finely furnished, and well scattered with pictures and bric-a-brac, but I remember none of such real restfulness and homelike quiet as that white chamber of peace.

SENSATIONAL TRESSES.

The only hair dyes that are being sold now in large quantities are what are called the natural dyes, for fashion is very chary of changing the colour of the tresses, and there are no ultra modish tints for the hair at present, such as Venetian red, corn yellow, and mahogany brown. To be natural is quite a cult, and though women go to the posticheurs to have their tresses touched up in the natural colours, they rarely arrive with brown hair and depart with yellow as was their custom a few years ago.

THIS DAY

— and —

DURING THE WEEK.

DERRY

AND

TOMS

HIGH CLASS
LINEN DRAPERS,

KENSINGTON,
LONDON, W.

GREAT Linen Sale.

**Sheets,
Quilts,
Blankets,
Towels,
Pillow Cases,
Bedspreads,**

ALL AT

BARGAIN SALE PRICE

Illustrated Catalogue of
1,000 Bargains FREE.

DERRY & TOMS,

Kensington, London, W.

All-round Health at Home



All Round Health at Home can always be kept up and health restored after illness with Scott's Emulsion. The second great thing about Scott's Emulsion—the first is the fact that Scott's Emulsion cures—is the fact that Scott's Emulsion cures anyone, the youngest, the oldest and the sick people of all ages in between. This is because Scott's Emulsion cures the condition—the age of the sufferer makes no difference, except perhaps in the size of the dose. Include Scott's Emulsion in your household necessities—it keeps sweet to the last dose—and when strength is wanting for anyone, the baby, the child, the man, or yourself, Scott's Emulsion will bring it back. Scott's Emulsion is the perfect "bring-back" of strength, the great "throw-out" of disease. Scott's Emulsion throws out all diseases of the throat, lungs, blood and bones. It is cod-liver oil—but cod-liver oil agreeable to taste and smell and perfectly digestible. In Scott's Emulsion the cod-liver oil is three times as curative as in any other form known. Send 4d. for postage, mention this paper, and you will receive free sample bottle and a charming children's booklet.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter, St., E.C. London.

If you begin Scott's Emulsion to-day,
your CURE begins to-day!

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY.

A Marvellous Offer to wind up our Great Alteration Sale. 6 DAYS ONLY.

27/6 SUIT FOR 17/6

Or a 25/- OVERCOAT for 19/6 to Measure.

In the newest cloths and designs, all new goods. This great offer, the equal of which has never yet been made by us or any other tailoring firm in the world, is open for the next six days only, after which the Suits will be 27/6 and Overcoats 25/-, as usual. Those unable to call must please write for patterns and self-measure forms. Distance no object. No orders taken for the above special lines at our establishment after Saturday evening, October 15 (8 o'clock), or if by letter not later than the first post on Monday, October 17. Incredibly customers having received any patterns during the last six months of our 27/6 Suits or 25/- Overcoats may select their styles from them at the above reduced prices.

D. M. THOMPSON BROS., Tailors, Ltd., 3, Oxford-st., W., and 84, Bishopsgate-st., Without, E.C.



15 Cwt. of COAL for 2/-

Delivered Free of Charge to any address around London, at a cost to you of only 2/-, or you can have

9 lbs. of TEA for 2/-

CARNEGIE & CO. are General Merchants, and can supply you with any of the following articles, value 18/- each, for your only outlay of 2/- The articles can be inspected at their Office and Show Rooms.

A Dinner, Tea, or Breakfast Service.
An Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Service.
Silver-mounted Walking-sticks.
An Eight-day Chiming Clock.
Set of Ladies' Silver-backed Brushes (Hall-marked).
Gold and Silver Mounted Umbrellas (Ladies' and Gents').
9-ct. Gold Watches, Silver and Oxidized (Ladies').
Gents' Silver and Oxidized Watches.
Silver Photo Frames (Hall-marked).
Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases.
Gold Signet Rings (9-ct.).
Gold Brooches (9-ct.).
Silver Cigarette Cases (Hall-marked).
Amber Cigarette Holders (9-ct. Gold Mounted in Silver Cases).
Silver Manicure Sets (Hall-marked).

And other articles too numerous to mention; in fact, being General Merchants, CARNEGIE & CO. can supply you with every want to the value of 18/- for your only outlay

TWO SHILLINGS.

We trade on the following terms:

You send us 2/- and we will then forward you a book containing eight of our Vouchers, which you can sell to your friends for 2/- each. Having done so, you send us the money collected (16/-) and we will then forward you any of the above-mentioned articles, value 18/- each for let us know what you require to the value of 18/-, and we will see if we can supply you. Your friends who purchase the Vouchers from you do likewise and obtain their article for 2/-.

Send at once for Book of Vouchers to

JAMES CARNEGIE & CO.,
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
60, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Telephone No. 8238 Bank.

None can have a Well-Balanced
Constitution without taking . . .

BEECHAM'S PILLS

All people subject to Bilious attacks, or who suffer from stomache disorders, should never be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The Stomach is toned up, and its proper action secured and maintained. The Bowels are made to act with regularity, and the functions of the kidneys are vastly improved.

The gigantic success and genuine worth of BEECHAM'S PILLS are known all over the world, and the proof of their excellence lies in the fact that they are generally adopted as the Family Medicine after the first trial.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

by their purifying effect upon the blood, cleanse and vivify the entire system, causing every organ of the body healthfully to continue its allotted function, thereby inducing a perfectly balanced condition, and making life a pleasure.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are specially suitable for FEMALES of all ages. Every woman who values health should read the instructions wrapped round each box.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

maintain their reputation for keeping people in GOOD HEALTH and GOOD CONDITION, and have stood the test of the most exacting experience through many years.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills), and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills).

RHEUMATISM

Thousands of Miracle-Like
Cures

THE WONDER OF THE CENTURY

THE GOOD HEALTH ALICE has regained the genuine cure of the century. NOT MEDICINE. Rheumatism, but KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS, famed for curing the worst cases of GOUT, MUSCULAR and SCIATICA RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc. KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS are to be placed upon the sides of the feet. They draw the URIC ACID POISON out, and instantly remove the cause. It matters not in what part of the body you are affected, the marvellous invention draws the poisonous acid from your blood, making you well for all time. QUICK RESULT.

You will feel relieved immediately, and the full cure will follow. A SCIENTIFIC REMEDY, with absolute guaranteed success, or not a shilling to pay for KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS.

SENT ON FREE TRIAL

We know so well that KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS will cure you completely, that we openly offer you a trial. Send us a "sample," but to actually send a PAIR OF KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS. If after a week's trial you find you are being cured, we shall expect you to pay the trial price of two shillings and sixpence. If you are not delighted you need not pay us a farthing. Send us the latest order or advertisement. No returned electrical device, but a scientific invention in chemistry. Particulars of hundreds of marvellous cures sent you with the trial pair of FOOT DRAFTS, every one of which is guaranteed to be genuine.

A BOON TO RICH AND POOR ALIKE

DO NOT HESITATE, send your name and address, men, boys, and girls, and receive stamps for postage, and a pair of KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS will promptly come. REMEMBER, IF NO RELIEF, NO PAY, and we will trust you to decide.

IMPORTANT—Genuine KINLO'S Foot Drafts can be obtained only at address under. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. GOOD HEALTH ALLIANCE, Dept. 103, 74, Fleet Street, London.

ON THE "THIRMS" INSTALLMENTS PLAN.
DIAMOND RINGS, WATCHES, 18ct Gold Alberts, etc., etc., by easy payments—Kendal and Dent, Chronometer and Watch Makers to the Admiralty, Jewellers, etc., 106, Cheapside, London. Lists post free.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE.

On Monday, November 7th, 1904,
50 Walnut Coal Cabinets
Value 10s. 6d. each.

To advertise this Marvellous Line we are giving away, absolutely FREE, one to each of the 50 Applicants whose letters are opened first on November 7th next.

A sample of these Coal Cabinets are now on view at all our Branches, where Application Forms can be obtained or sent on receipt of 1d. stamped envelope.

STAR FURNISHING CO.

40 and 61, BALLS POND ROAD, near Dabton Junction, N.
27, UPPER STREET, near Highbury Station, N.
42, HIGH STREET, Camden Town, N.W.
12, SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, HOLLOWAY.
3, GRAND PARADE, HARTINGAY, next Salisbury Hotel.
28, HIGH ROAD, Tottenham, near Butts' Ground.
2, PALACE PARADE, Enfield Town.
28, 27, 26, HIGH STREET, Walthamstow, near Hoest.
109, RYE LANE, Beckenham, near Public Hall.

FURNITURE ON EASY TERMS.

Every Description. New and Secondhand.
Any Quantity Supplied from 1s. per month.
No Security Required. Delivered Free.
10 per cent Discount for Cash.

STAR FURNISHING CO.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

D.D. DIRTY DICK'S D.D.

ESTABLISHED 1745.

48-49, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.
Nearly opp. Suburban Station G.E. St. Station.
FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE & SPIRIT HOUSE
OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.
Noted for Good Value, Purity, and Low Prices. All Wines and Spirits sold by the Glass, Bottle, Dozen, or Gallon. Free deliveries in Town or Country. Write for History of House, with full Price List, sent gratis on mentioning this paper.

Derby County and Small Heath, playing at home proved too strong for their opponents—Bury and Middlesbrough respectively—and gained, like the Arsenal, some much needed points. Stoke, who had Leonard off the field for nearly all the time, and Holford lame, gained a brilliant victory over Sheffield United at Stoke. The manner in which the "Potters" have pulled

Anton Town Res. (h)	3	Grays United	1
Watford (h)	4	Woolwich Arsenal Res.	2
OTHER MATCHES.			
Paddington (h)	2	Brunswick	0
Shepp. United	1	Madstone (h)	0
Dover (h)	6	South Lancashire Regt.	1
Cranleigh School (h)	1	Old Cranleighans	0
Norsemen (h)	1	Raveley	1
Heart of Midlothian (h)	2	Hibernians	2
Casuals (h)	2	Ealing	1

BORWICK'S

THE BEST
BAKING
POWDER
IN THE WORLD.

POWDER

N.B.—Particulars of any Stocks, Shares, Life Policies, or Reversions or other Securities intended for Sale by Auction, should be sent immediately, and, if approved, will be offered FREE OF CHARGE, unless actually disposed of.

W (h)	2	Child's Hill Imper
(h)	7	Kettering

[illegible]

BORWICK'S

THE BEST
BAKING
POWDER
IN THE WORLD.

POWDER

